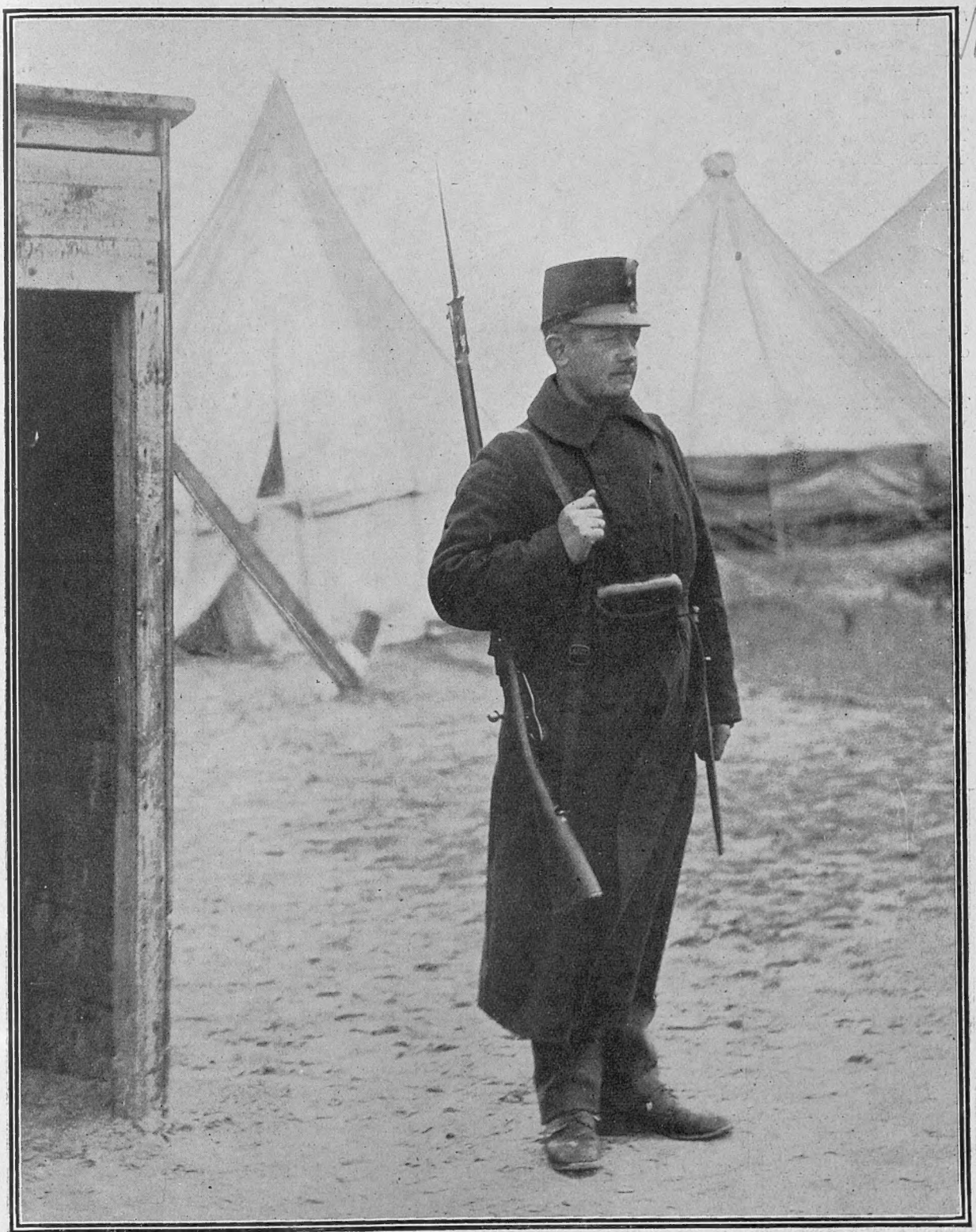
The Bystander, February 3, 1915.—No. 583. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



THE ATTITUDE OF HOLLAND—"WATCH OUT!"

A type of Dutch Infantryman as sentry in one of the large camps on the Dutch-German frontier. Holland has recently taken secret precautions against a breach of her neutrality

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Cuckoo—New Style

THE early spring of even this year of war will, probably, bring its early cuckoo. I see the bird in my mind's eye. He wears spectacles, and has a heavy, fair moustache, drinks beer out of a big mug, and talks gutturally. His name is Hans. The cuckoo for whose voice I am listening is the German Public, and already I believe I have heard his song, though I won't swear to it. I believe that Hans is at last beginning to sit up and ask questions.

***

How Much is Known

That this is really so nobody can be certain who has not lately been in Germany. One can only deduce what the German public is saying from what one knows of the German Public.

***

Thinking Cannot be Stopped

War, after all, does not altogether change a national character. It merely disguises it temporarily. Patriotism puts upon all the fighting States the obligation to do things rather than to say them. It cannot, however, stop people from thinking. As we in Britain think a good many things we do not say openly, so it is probable that the Germans do.

***

Where Hans Excels

More probable. For, as a nation, we are models of loyalty and contentment as compared with Germans. If there is one thing at which Hans excels it is as a grouser, a grumbler, a cynic, especially when he has any concern with his High and Mighty Rulers. I remember a performance some years ago at the Circus Schumann, in Berlin. A roar of laughter shook the roof. The cause of it was a parody of a speech that had the morning before been made by the All-Highest—that in which the Kaiser claimed Waterloo as an exclusively German victory. Wherever one went one found on the part of the German public a tendency to laugh at Imperial bluster and military swank.

***

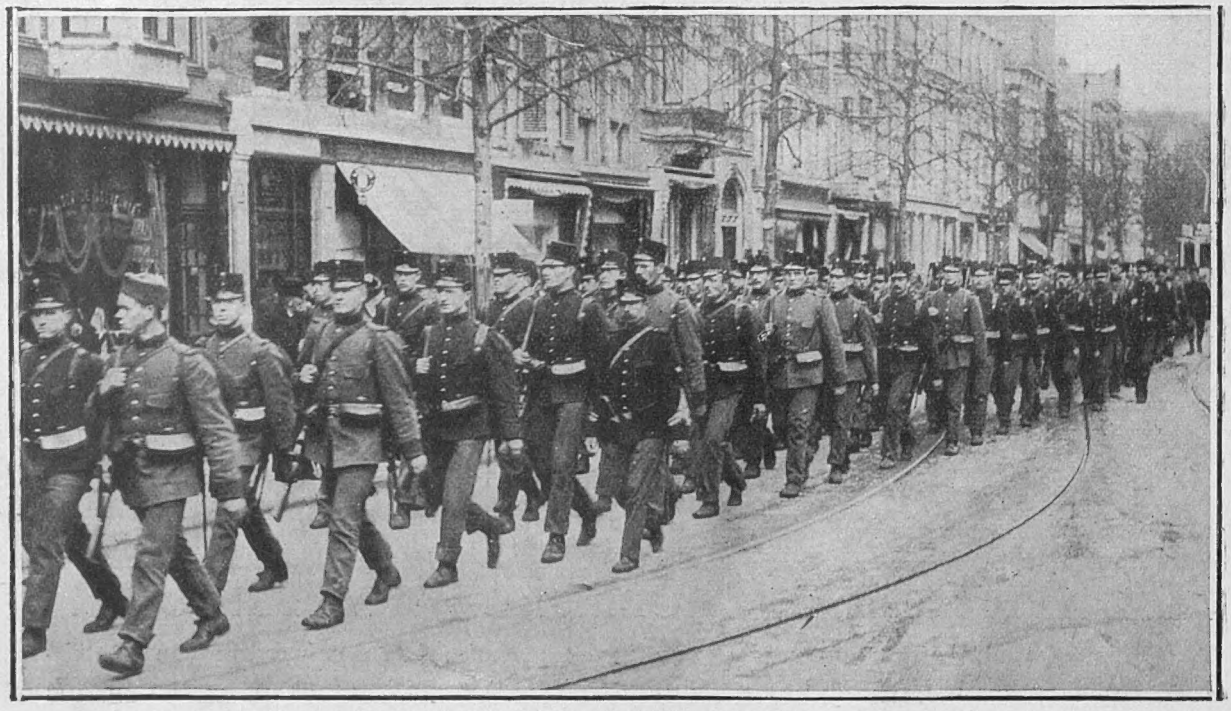
Is He Getting Restive?

Now, the war has undoubtedly welded Germans together as it has welded Britons, Frenchmen, and Russians. But if anything goes wrong with the campaign, I will wager the German rage against their rulers to exceed tenfold any that would be felt in the other countries. We in Britain would ask for the blood of some of our rulers if the war were a fiasco. The Germans would want also the flesh and bones of all theirs. For whereas we went out to defend, the Germans went out to offend. The war was the special work of the German blusterers and swankers, and if their work fails, they will have to reckon with Hans as no British Government would ever have to reckon with John Bull.

***

A Sure Sign

The reason why I believe that Hans is on the warpath against his swankers is the frantic way in which the German Press is now lying. That "British battleship" has been sunk not in the North Sea, but in the depths of the German public mind. I believe the lie about the naval battle, making a victory out of a defeat, is due to the fact that the German Navy just daren't admit another beating. The attempts to justify the raids on the East Coast



HOLLAND ON THE ALERT

A regiment of Dutch infantry going into camp on mobilisation

Signs of Spring

THE KAISER: "Hark, Hollweg!! What was that?!! Can I possibly have heard the cuckoo?"

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG: "Yes, Majestät. It is the cuckoo—otherwise the German public wanting to know the truth about the war"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Nuts of the King's Navee, or

Photograph *Birkett*
FLIGHT-COMMANDER J. T. BABINGTON
One of the three heroes of the successful air-raid over Friederichshafen in November last. He got back in safety

Photograph *Birkett*
FLIGHT-LIEUT. COLLET
The hero of the air-raid over Düsseldorf in September, when three bombs were dropped with effect on the Zeppelin sheds

Photograph *Sport and General*
COMMANDER SAMSON
Of the Royal Naval Flying Corps, who was awarded the D.S.O. in October last. In the combined operations on the Belgian coast he did valuable work as a range-finder for our warships

FLIGHT-COMMANDER F. E. T. HEWLETT
One of the seven naval airmen who carried out the successful raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas morning. Commander Hewlett failed to return with the other airmen and was reported "missing." He was, however, picked up safely by a Dutch trawler after drifting about on his wrecked seaplane six hours

Photograph *Symonds*
CAPTAIN CYRIL FULLER
Of H.M.S. "Cumberland," which "barged" nine merchantmen and a gunboat off the Cameroon river in September. The "Cumberland" is a cadets' training ship

are probably as much intended to silence *German* critics of "baby-killing" as British. Chancellor Hollweg's attempt to explain away his "scrap of paper" stupidity is probably a reply to his own grousers rather than ours.

* * *

The Truth About the "Hate"

And what of these "Hymns of Hate" and chants of "God Punish England"? Our papers regard them, as evidences of a nation gone mad. But I do not believe for one moment that the German nation is mad—save in the sense that it is dangerously angry. The Odes and Prayers, and all the rest of the "hate" machinery, are due to the fact that the German Government is anxious that the storm of anger burst on somebody other than themselves. Defeated in the war, the German is sure to want somebody to hate, and England is an excellent lightning conductor.

* * *

Lies to Order

One reads that the "Hymn of Hate" and the "Prayer of Punishment" are universally sung and said. I think I know my German public well enough to gauge the real extent to which the Hate business exists. It is probably regarded by the quiet, intelligent classes, who exist in Germany as everywhere else, with contempt. The fact that vicious statements are made by newspapers and professors goes for nothing. Journalists and professors write and spout what they are authorised to, unless it happen to be Maximilian Harden, who doesn't care, or the *Vorwärts*. They are told to lie here, to hate there, and they do it, just as a section of our own Press would, if it were really seriously asked to.

* * *

If He Doesn't—

Every day the English Press Bureau issue to the Press instructions as to what shall be said, and what not said. Rely on it, the whip of our Censor becomes in Germany a scorpion. If we in England are "asked" not to refer to a subject, a German journalist is ordered not to, on pain of very severe punishment.

* * *

The Press No Criterion

The ravings of the German Press are no criterion whatever to the state of mind of the German public. It would be well if this were better understood by our newspapers. To talk of a "nation consumed with madness, and lust of hatred," on the basis of some epileptic fit in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* or the *Lokalanzeiger*,

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Young Heroes of the War by Sea

Photograph *Heath*

COMMODORE R. Y. TYRWHITT

Commander of the "Arethusa," and winner of our first naval victory in the Bight of Heligoland. He was also leader of the destroyer flotilla in the recent North Sea fight

Photograph *Sport and General*

SQUADRON-COMMANDER E. F. BRIGGS

The leader of the air-raid over Friederichshafen. He was brought to the ground wounded and taken prisoner. His two companions got away safely

Photograph *Heath*

CAPTAIN FOX

Of the light cruiser "Undaunted," which, with the aid of four destroyers, sank four German destroyers off the Dutch coast in October. Before he was appointed to the "Undaunted" he commanded the "Amphion," which was sunk by a mine

Photograph *Swaine*

LIEUT.-COMMANDER HOLBROOK

Who, with his submarine B 11, ran the gauntlet of a mine-field in the Dardanelles, torpedoed the Turkish battleship "Messudiyeh," and got away unscathed

Photograph *Sport and General*

FLIGHT-LIEUT. V. S. SIPPE

One of the three airmen who took part in the daring air-raid over Friederichshafen in November

is a stupidity. These papers write what they are allowed, or told, to write, just as our own write what they are asked to write. Neither is a true reflection of the mind of the nation. A German reading some English newspapers might derive the idea that the whole of Britain was engaged in brag and bluster about present achievements and buoyed up with false illusions as to future chances. Our Press, too, cannot be acquitted of the charge of suppressing unpleasant facts, and of giving publicity to false rumours. The nation itself, however, is in no mood of brag or bluster, and is under no illusions.

***

Not Taking Any

We read official reports through a microscope. Such phrases as "strategic retreat" fool nobody. When we read in the papers of "victories" we look at the map, and if no places or bodies of prisoners are taken, we snap our fingers. When the arm-chair optimist talks of "sweeping them out of Belgium" and partitions the German Empire up between the Allies, and names the place of exile for the Imperial family, we want to put him into the trenches for a week. We are, in fact—the British nation, that is—not taking any fooling from officials anywhere. If we disbelieve the official allegations and despise hate-mongering abroad we are not implicit believers in all we are told at home, nor do we respect ignorant rant just because it happens to be British.

***

John and Hans

If a cloud of fire took away from Britain and Germany (for a moment, of course) their rulers and newspaper editors, and left the two peoples face to face, John Bull would probably discover, to his intense astonishment, that Hans was very much the same sort of fellow as himself—fighting for his King and Country, believing exactly as much of what he was told about the war as he liked and not a syllable more, hating his enemy only according to the necessities of patriotism, and wanting the war over and to get back to his business in the quickest time consistent with "honour."

***

Not All Huns

Men from the front whom I have talked with agree in disbelieving that the enemy is consumed with any other hate for us than the soldier physically feels for the foe. Committers of outrages, whether by orders, or "on their own," are regarded as unworthy by the decent men of all armies in this, as in every other, war.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Home of Frightfulness

It is pretty clear that frightfulness originates in the Wilhelmstrasse rather than in the field or on the sea. The latest outrage—the sinking by submarines of unarmed merchantmen — follows directly upon the threats of von Tirpitz. It would be affected cynicism to pretend that we are not upset by the outrages. All the indignation in the world will, however, not persuade the enemy to discontinue his foul fiendship whether it be against non-combatants afloat or ashore.

***

War on Non-Combatants

The Germans, having found our Grand Fleet more or less unassailable, our Army irrepulsable, and our island inaccessible, are determined to take it out of our private personalities. They are at war with the *peace* forces of Great Britain. There is no reason on earth why they should not carry it a stage further and hire assassins to stab our wives in the street, to set our hospitals afire, or—with the aid of the German cooks and waiters who are being officially restored to their jobs—to poison our food at restaurants, and to dampen our beds at hotels.

***

A Warning

It is more necessary than ever that no non-combatant should patronise any establishment continuing to hire an enemy alien. From the table at which you break bread, or the bed on which you sleep, you may never rise alive!

***

Tommy's Mind-State

Some esteemed correspondents dispute the description, by the contributor of "Mud, Blood, and Khaki," of the mind-state of the man at the front. He laid vigorous emphasis on the sordidness of modern warfare, and tried to dispel the illusion that Tommy spends most of his time in the singing of "Tipperary" and other expressions of *joie de vivre.* I am sure that what my correspondent says *is* representative of the attitude of mind of many soldiers towards modern warfare, which certainly lacks the glamour of the brave days of old.

***

The Citizen Soldier's View

What he says is being said freely by countless numbers. I admit it is not the attitude of the professional so much as of the citizen soldier. The latter has taken up arms because told by his statesmen that war and militarism are evil things which *he* is called out to help crush for ever. He goes to the front, realises that war is just as described, and says so. That these are his sentiments does not make him one whit less determined to fight to a finish, or to die in the last ditch. On the contrary, his grim resentment against the foe who has brought such horrors upon the world makes him, if possible, a more dangerous enemy than Tipperary Tommy.

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *February* 1, 1915

DEAR COUSIN—

IN your far part of the world I believe the sun shines sometimes—even in February. But here—oh, who would be in England *before* the spring is there? No sane person who could, by hook or crook, be further south, I imagine; and certainly not your scribe, who finds in this dear dirty town just now one consolation only for existence—and that's the flowers that come in trainloads from the Riviera and (wonder of wonders!) haven't yet outstripped "because of the war" the limits of a modest purse. It's always of a greyness unequalled, but this winter London's surely greyer than ever. The skies are grey, the streets are grey, the air's grey, the snow's grey—grey, too, alas! are our hearts, very many of them.

* * *

Spring, I suppose, will still be lovely and gracious, even though she trails her pink and white garments over a blood-soaked and a horror-sick world. And, anyway, more than ever welcome this time. For even on the battlefield, where dirt and death and destruction reign supreme, a sou'-west wind must be better than a nor' easter, and for all those thousands of our men who have renounced for England's sake all the comforts of home for all the discomforts of the camp, spring will just make all the difference.

* * *

Meantime—well, as I've told you, "everyone" is in Town. The country, where there's no shooting and hardly any hunting, and, of course, no hunt balls or house-parties, is deserted, and this in spite of London's fogs and darkness and threatened Zeppelins and all the other horrors that go with war and winter. There is also, one can't deny it, "a certain liveliness"—which comes in part, perhaps, because of all the people now in London who at this season are generally distracting themselves on the Riviera, or in Switzerland, Egypt, Biarritz, or Calcutta. This year they have to seek their pleasures here. And I can't say London's the loser.

"The Stores and places are full of men from the front, all laying in all sorts and kinds of articles"

* * *

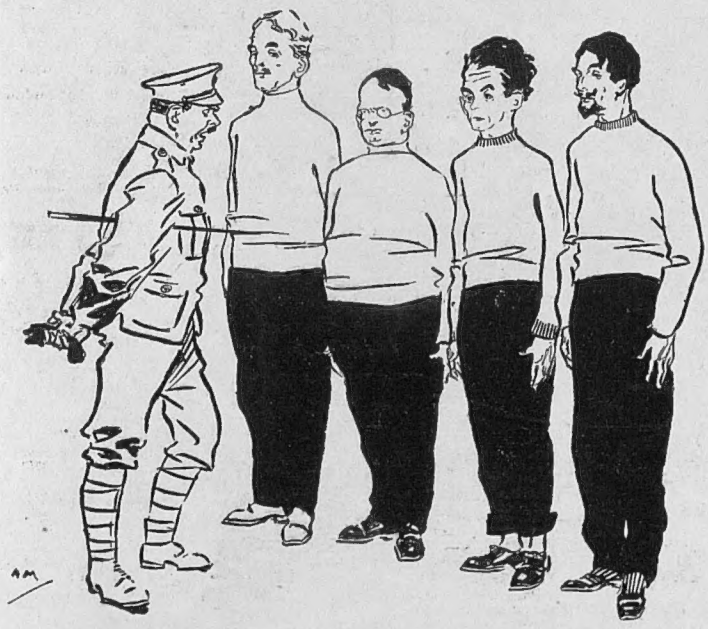
People are going to the Riviera, of course, but in dozens where they went in hundreds, and as several villas and hotels are being given up to wounded officers who'll probably get friends to come and keep them company, I suppose there will be some sort of a season. Very different from the usual one, of course, but—if you ask me, very much nicer. The Teutonisation of the Côte d'Azur was really getting a bit too thick, and of late years, in consequence, the English had become less in evidence at many places.

* * *

That's one of the reasons why people are hoping Italy will join in with the Allies soon—so as to clear herself of Germans too. For just as the travelling German was turning the travelling Englishman out of the Riviera so he was out of Italy. As I crept humbly through that proud and prodigious country I think I was maddened by the guttural "*Achs!*" and the general unattractiveness of the swarming Germans even more than by the chatter and the spitting and the prowling and prying of the ghoulish *custodi* and sacristans in the churches and the galleries.

* * *

The Italian may have his faults, like the rest of us, but if his habits do not err on the side of modesty, they are, anyway, positively patrician compared, say, with those displayed in



"The fact is you gentlemen think too much"

Venice by the honeymoon couple from *Deutschland über Alles*. Also, he has charm, a quality not included in the make-up of any German except, occasionally, and when it suited his purpose, the Kaiser.

* * *

And, talking of Europe's enemy, yes, it certainly would have been a fine big "scoop," as you call it, for "Kultur" if those Zeppelins had really "got" Sandringham the other day. Cousin William's been an honoured guest there so often—though in King Edward's time not more often than could be helped. But in Germany, of course, it's considered just British affectation, that idea of ours that when you've broken bread with a man you don't afterwards try and blow his wife and children out of their beds.

* * *

No doubt that's why they now have extra-special Special Constables to guard Buckingham Palace at nights, as well as an R.N.V.R. man with a gun, ready to work his "exalted form of snipe-shooting" at any moment on any Zeppelin that tries to drop a bomb on the palace or the monster memorial in front of it. You see, the Kaiser takes a special interest in the Queen Victoria Memorial, seeing that it was the (alleged) reason for his last visit to the English relations he loved so dearly. And, naturally, as he unveiled it, he thinks it quite the most priceless thing in London.

* * *

It's said there's to be a sort of a formal General Election in the autumn when this Parliament's time is up. This week the House is only meeting to vote supplies and things, not to do any real "work," though it is going to sit till Easter—nearly two months—doing it. But it's expected the Government will try and push through the poor old Plural Voting Bill, and I suppose "the Duke will have something to say to that."

* * *

Anyway, it looks as if they'll be kept quite fairly busy "answering" questions. Such a lot of people want to know such a lot of things, and H.M. Ministers and their understudies will be hard at it providing the usual minimum of information in the maximum of words.

* * *

You can judge, though, that the strain isn't beyond bearing when I tell you that two Ministers you would have thought the busiest—I won't mention names—are said to be filling in their spare time getting up a concert party for the front, while the smarter revues hardly have a night without some Cabinet Minister or other in the stalls. And why not? "Think? Why think?" as Mr. F. R. Benson asked the O.P. Club the other night. "Why not live?"

* * *

And he told a rather sweet little story to illustrate his text. He was drilling with the United Arts Force—artists, writers, and other people rather above the average intelligence"—yet they couldn't do a simple thing like numbering-off properly. Afterwards he said to the sergeant-major, "The ordinary soldier numbers off in half the time, doesn't he?" "Half the time?" was the scornful answer, "A quarter! The fact is, you gentlemen think too much. You think so much that you can't *do* nothing!"

* * *

War seems to make weddings, and there are lists of engagements as long as your arm every day in the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. I don't think I've ever known so many, especially at this time of the year, when all the unattached men are generally engaged in outdoor amusements, hunting, shooting, and so on.

* * *

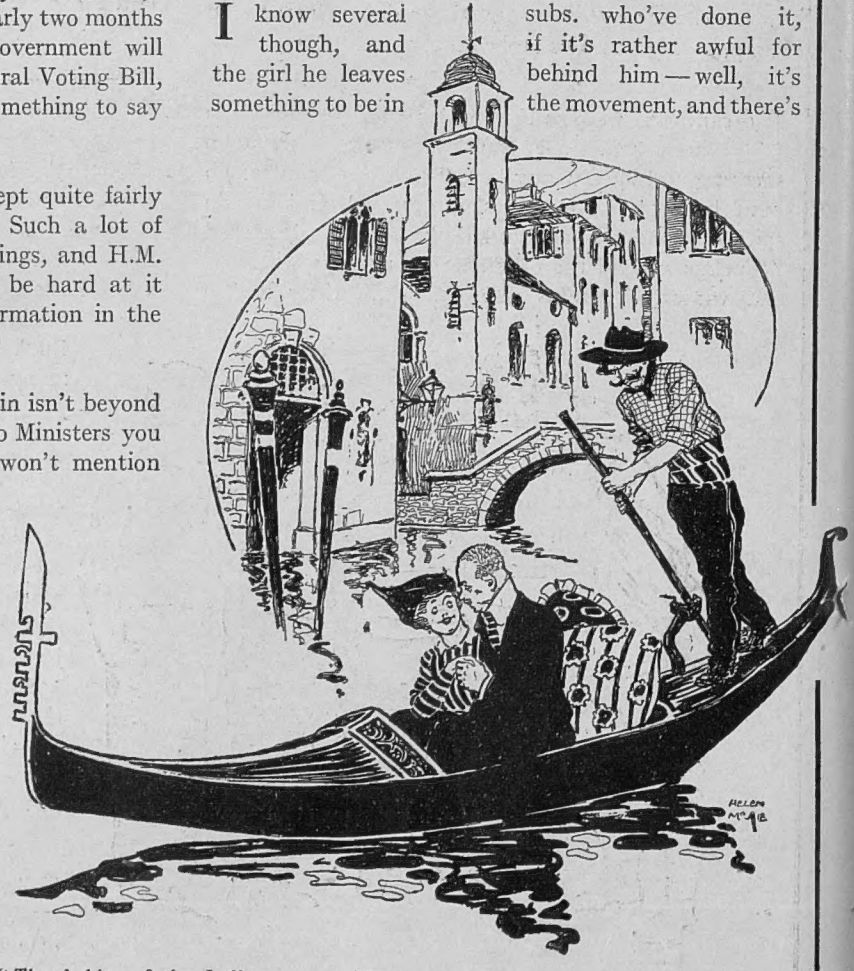
But war weddings are not half so good for trade as the other kind. No invitations, for one thing, and that means no presents, or hardly any, and as for flowers, favours, red carpet, awnings, bridesmaids, strings of motors, receptions, wedding breakfasts, etc., etc.—these are before-the-war details.

* * *

Trousseaux are dead as the dodo, too—no time to get one and no opportunity to wear it when you've got it these days. And as for honeymoons—talk about hustling. . . . Four days' leave from the front is about the limit if you're not sick, and to blind through to Boulogne, cross the Channel, get to Town, shave, bath, change, get married, *and* be back on duty again at the end of your ninety-six hours off, is a little programme which doesn't leave *years* for honeymooning, does it?

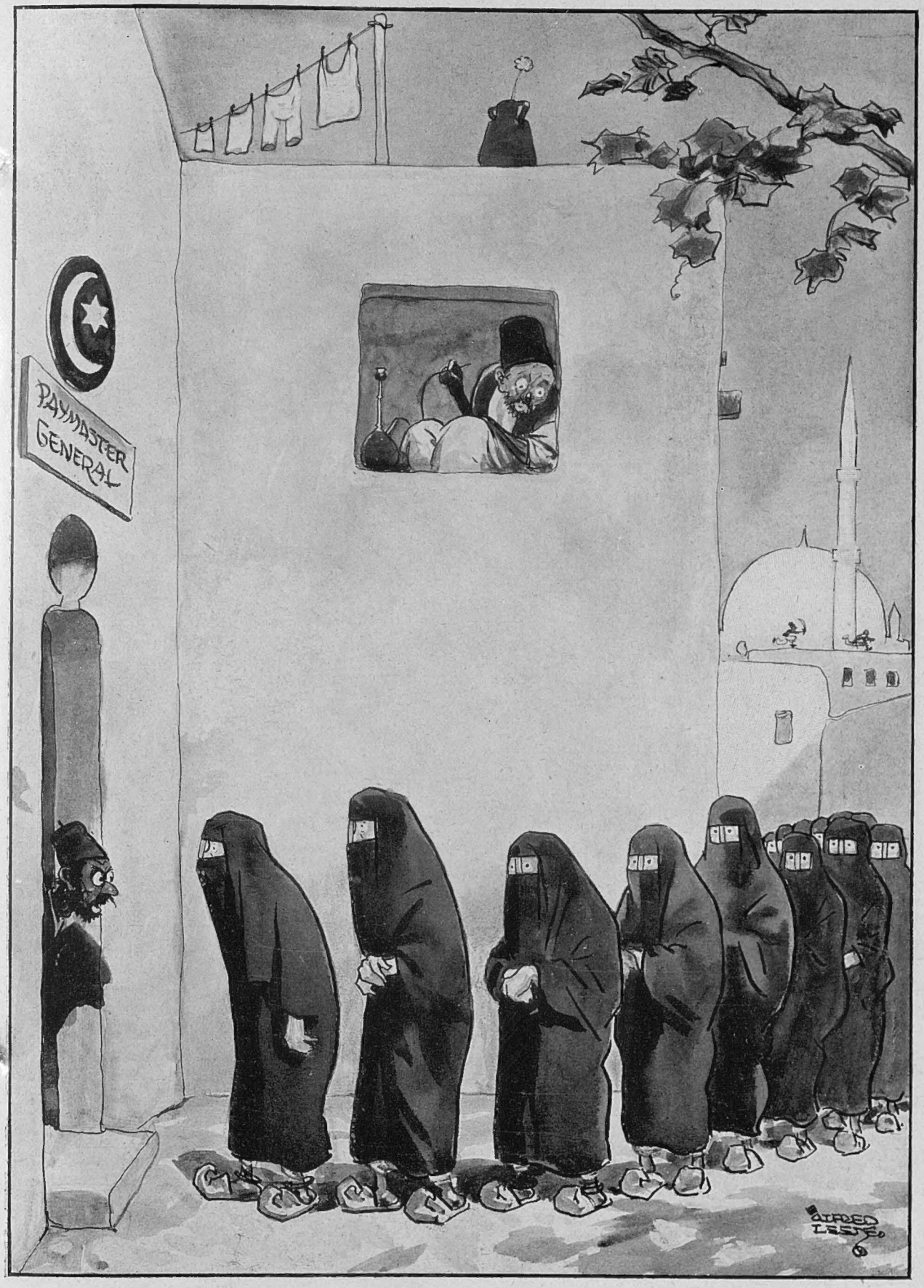
* * *

I know several subs. who've done it, though, and if it's rather awful for the girl he leaves behind him—well, it's something to be in the movement, and there's



"The habits of the Italian are positively patrician compared, say, with those displayed in Venice by the honeymoon couple from 'Deutschland über Alles'"

In Turkey—Now



Wives of a private soldier on active service in Egypt applying for the separation allowance at the Turkish Ministry of War

the glamour of it, and, after all, as a certain lady's put it, "Better to be married a minute than die an old maid."

* * *

I knew people were talking of things they knew nothing about when they said there wouldn't be any new fashions this spring because of the war. And they were, and made rather a bad miss, too. For drastic isn't the word for the change that's coming over the female form divine.

* * *

Instead of the yard-wide skirt it's going to be five yards in future, and we're to button in front when for years we've buttoned behind, and pile Pelion on Ossa by reviving the petticoat and wearing boots to hide our ankles, and collars to veil our throats. Altogether the *robe révélatrice* seems to have departed—which is a pity, I think.

* * *

Most Englishwomen look their best in the minimum of garments. It's the maximum they can't carry off with *chic*. Somehow or other it's only on the stage people get their knees to show through the drapery, however much there is of it.

* * *

London's amused, and Paris, I hear, tickled to death by the terrific efforts the Germans are making to manufacture their own fashions. But seeing that, as German *modistes* frankly confess, the German peoples will "naturally" revert to English and French styles after the war they don't seem to make much headway. Which isn't surprising, is it, when you remember those ghastly garments "Made in Germany" that used to flood the cheap English market.

* * *

But, really, what an astonishing people the enemy is! It's a fact that at least one reason why most of the great shops in the Rue de la Paix have closed their doors is that so many of their owners were Germans — Germans without an ounce of taste or originality in their whole composition, but with enough business cuteness to drag from their artistic French workpeople those designs that first Paris itself, then New York, then London, and then the rest of the world, spent fortunes on. It's a good thing to be a genius, especially in hats or frocks. But it's a far, far better thing to be an exploiter of genius. It *pays* better.

* * *

Talking of shopping, it seems that what women aren't doing in this direction men are. You know how you feel when you've been months and months in the country—as if there were simply thousands of things you've simply *got* to buy. It's the same way with the men from the front, apparently, for the stores and places are full of them, all laying in all sorts and kinds of articles—"British Warms," chocolates, preserved fishes, and soups and meats, cakes, and last, but not least, books and candles.

* * *

For the torture of the trenches, they tell me, is only equalled by the boredom thereof, and there are hours and hours and hours when there's absolutely nothing on earth to do, when a book and a candle are just godsends. British prisoners in Germany write asking for books too—poor dears, if only one could do more to lighten the feeling of loneliness and uselessness and bitterness which, as one of them writes, "sometimes comes over one like a wave." And they say Winston's Naval Brigade that's interned in Holland is really getting quite literary—it's had so much reading to do *faute de mieux*.

* * *

I rather thought there might begin to be some talk soon about officers and night clubs—and it's begun. You see, we've rather exhausted the subject of "Tommies" and pubs, not to mention "Tommies'" wives and ditto. So a new "scandal" positively had to be found, and the ball was set rolling in the usual halfpenny paper by the usual staff "Paterfamilias" and "Mother of Six."

* * *

The truth about night clubs is, of course, that if you like that sort of thing, and you're that sort of person—well, you like it, and that's the sort of person you are. But these lurid stories of young officers being drugged and robbed and blackmailed don't sound within dreaming distance of anything at any of the night clubs anybody I know has ever heard of. I've been taken to one myself by the rightest people you can think of, and the only thing that worried me about it was that it was so respectable and dull!

* * *

All the same, there is rather a feeling about that a little less dancing at night clubs and a little more getting themselves into the very pink of training for the supreme struggle ahead would, perhaps, more become the British officer. Which is the idea at headquarters, too, I'm told. You see, it's in the hands of these men that we're leaving such tremendous issues, and, after all, it *is* the sense of greatness that keeps a nation great.

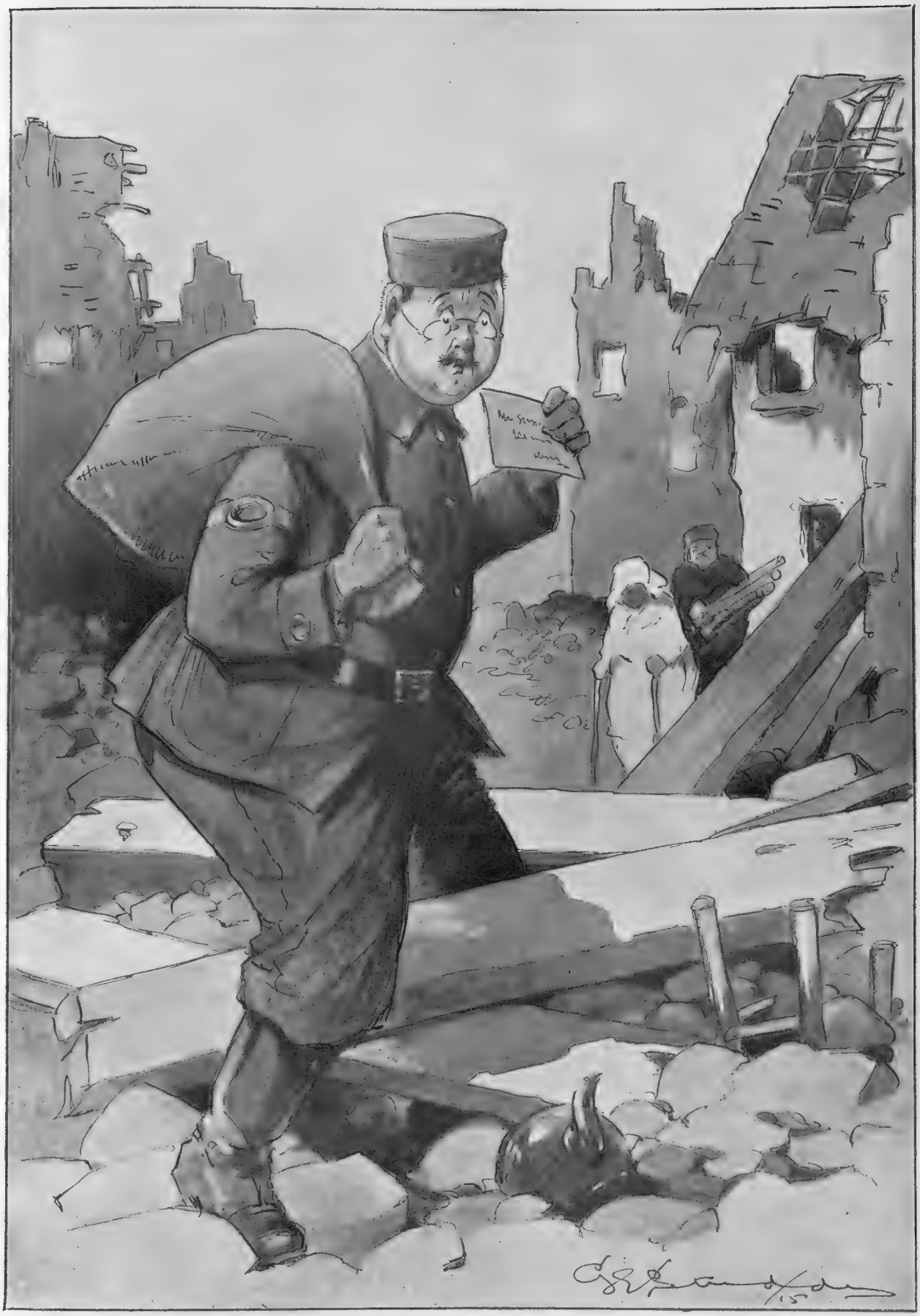
With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHE

"The only thing that worried me about it was that it was so respectable and dull"

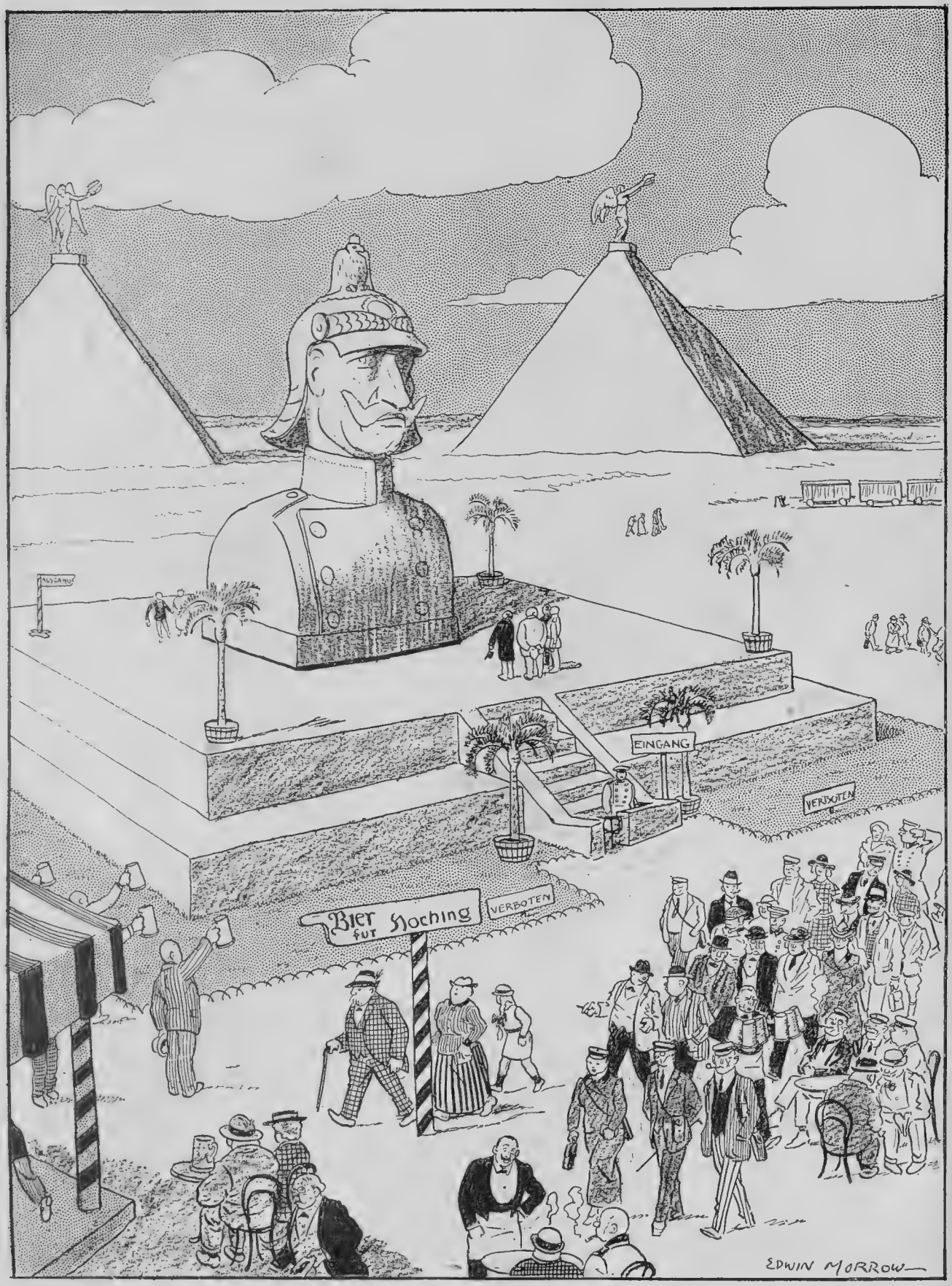
In Belgium—Now



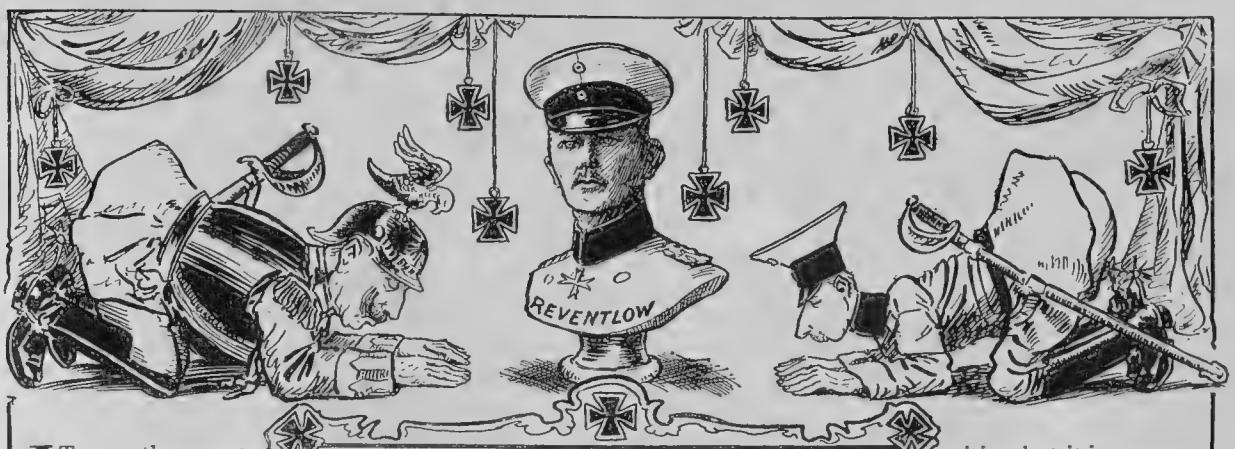
PEOPLE WE DON'T ENVY

No. 3.—The German postman trying to deliver a letter in a ruined Belgian village.

In Egypt—Not Yet!



AWFUL PROSPECT IN EGYPT IF AND WHEN THE GERMANS COME



The SUPER-LIE

"IT is an established fact that, when our airships were, in order to fly to the fortified place of Great Yarmouth, merely flying over other places or cities, they were shot at from these places. It may be assumed with certainty that these shots, which were aimed at the airships from below, hit them, and probably they wounded or even killed occupants of the airships. This involves an English franc-tireur attack, ruthlessly carried out in defiance of International Law and in the darkness of the night, upon the German airships, which, without the smallest hostile action, wanted to fly away over these places. This treacherous proceeding on the part of the English civil population is on a level with that of the inhabitants of Belgium, when, from the windows of houses and out of cellars and churches, they opened their murderous fire upon German troops which were marching through. The airship is a recognised weapon of war, and yet people in England seem to demand that it shall regard itself as fair game for the murders performed by a fanatical civil population, and shall not have the right to defend itself. This view is purely English, but we can assure the English that it is a view which is not shared in Germany. Our airships will continue to defend themselves against franc-tireur attacks, even when they are flying over the sacred soil of England."
—COUNT REVENTLOW in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*.

IT was the secret needle-gun, I believe, that was the real cause of Bismarck's war against Austria in 1866, and technical-minded people will tell you that it was the 42cm. howitzer that was the real cause of the present little business. Give the German a new toy, and, like any other childish creature, he will not rest happy until he has made himself a public nuisance with it. I have no doubt that the siege gun, the Zeppelin, and the T.N.T. mine were among the toys which led the German war-child to make himself the nuisance we still find him at the moment of writing, but it is my own opinion that neither of these was the real First Cause. The German child wanted, it is true, to try his new toys of destruction; but the thing he most fancied himself at was an accomplishment. The Germans discovered themselves to excel in the art above all others which their professors had decided to be all-important in war—Lying. Just as a child discovering himself able to whistle, creates the opportunity to whistle, so the Germans, discovering themselves to be adepts at lying, made the present war in the belief that they would be able to lie the world into awed submission.

(*Continued on page 146*)

The illustration represents (1) the Imperial Homage to the Greatest Liar in History (Count von Reventlow); (2) the Lie Itself; and (3) the Reception thereof by Earlier Masters of the Art of Fabrication

THE SUPER-LIE (*concluded*)

We tremble, ourselves, not at all over Zeppelins, and I believe the British Army and the British Navy have now discovered the needed antidotes to siege guns, and T.N.T. mines. But there is no man in the British Empire who does not pall and quake before the awfulness and frightfulness of the German four thousand centimetre T.N.T. siege lie. It devastates the Palace of Truth with one of its fragments of shrapnel; the thunder of it shakes Hell itself to its foundations, causing Ananias and Sapphira to quake, and Satan himself to ask for official information as to how the thing is done.

Though the bombs and the mines and the howitzers leave our *moral* unaffected, the Lies are our undoing. Therefore, I deduce that the Power to Lie, as the chief asset of Germany against the world, in the use of which she is able to surpass all users, past, present, or future, was the first cause of the war. Control the Press of your own country, and subsidise as many newspapers as you can in others, what matters it what *actually* happens to an army here, a fleet of battleships or aircraft there? What matters, above all, is what you can *say* to have happened. Provided you can annihilate the enemy's forces in print, it is a mere detail what happens to them in reality. The capture of Paris in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, the laying waste of London in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, are quite as valuable as their capture or destruction in the region of fact. More so, indeed. For newspaper "victories" can be won without the sickening loss of life and material that is caused by the actuality. A few people "in the know" may be aware of the facts; but these people are of no importance, for, being in the know, they are in the game, and, therefore, silent.

The services of accomplished liars are, at the moment, more in demand than are those of arms and equipment. Count von Reventlow looms larger in the Imperial eye at the moment than even Krupp. For whereas Krupp's capacity may give out, or Essen may be destroyed by aircraft, the Lie Factor is inexhaustible. A wonderful fellow, this von Reventlow. One's thoughts instinctively pass back to his youth. We see him robbing an orchard, and on being confronted with his act, replying that the apples on the trees, in defiance of all the laws of gravitation and humanity, flew at him in the most wicked and murderous fashion, striking him in the mouth and causing him to munch them as the only possible measure of self-defence. We see him caught in the act of picking up a shot pheasant, and explaining that the bird had made a vicious attack on him from the covert just as he was about to shoot himself out of shame at having failed to pass an examination, thus causing its own destruction instead.

After a course of training on the German Press, he attracts, by some supreme effort of mendacity, the attention of the All-Highest Lie Lord. He enters the Imperial sanctum while the Lie Lord is examining specimens of explosives. The Kaiser bids the Count admire these forces of frightfulness. "But," says the Count, "they will be useless to you without Me. They will, naturally, kill non-combatants, and so you will get into trouble with the neutral Powers. Now, in order that you may avoid this trouble, I have a device of my own invention. It is called the *franc-tireur*. It is a foreign peasant. It is very old, or very young, male or female. Its chief function is to fire on German army corps when they enter towns and villages, or upon German aircraft when they pass over them. By using the *franc-tireur*, who infests every country at all times of day and night, you can justify any outrage you like, from the destruction of a city to the slaughter of a two-year-old. Let me have the running of the Official Lie Bureau, and I'll guarantee to justify any outrage you like to commit, however horrible."

The Kaiser is delighted. He sees in a twinkling that here is the one thing that Germany needs to perfect her machinery of war—a good, sound, thumping Super-Lie, calculated to serve all purposes on all occasions on earth, below the seas, and above the earth. So the *franc-tireur* is officially adopted and Reventlow appointed to control it in the Press.

It made its first appearance at Visé, in Belgium; it continued, with the German Armies, at Louvain, Termonde, Dinant, Aerschot; it worked down into France.

The Germans have a little lie,
Its fleece is black as jet,
And everywhere the Germans go,
The lie is sure to get.

The success was not quite what Rev. expected, for the neutral Powers still persistently refused to believe in the *franc-tireur*. "It is," explained Rev., "because we have not yet used our Lie to its full strength. Our outrages in Belgium have not been bloody enough to give my invention its true setting. An opportunity, however, will come."

Reventlow waited, and the opportunity came with the Zeppelin raid on Norfolk. When he heard that Lynn, Sandringham, Dersingham, Snettisham, and other Norfolk villages had been bombarded, he arose and took his mighty pen in his hand, and gave us the Lie of the *franc-tireur* (English edition) in all its splendour.

It was the Norfolk villager who, in the darkness of night, wantonly, murderously fired at, and endangered the lives of, the crews of Zeppelins passing on their way to the "fortified base" of Yarmouth, leaving Lynn at 10.30 p.m. and reaching Yarmouth two hours earlier. Rev. gave Germany, and the world, as his crowning gift, the "fanatical civil population of treacherous England" who "hit, and probably wounded, or even killed, the occupants of our airships."

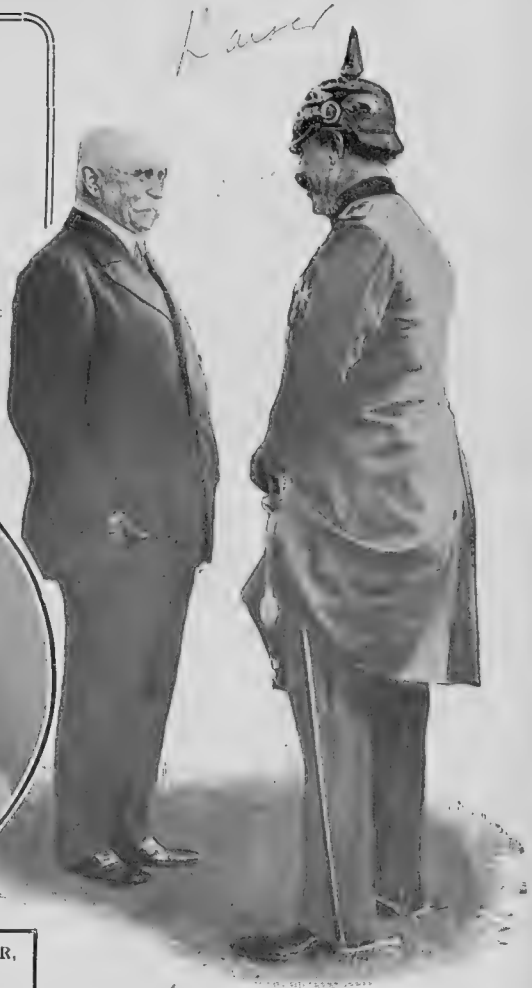
The existence of the *franc-tireur* (English edition) is now accepted by all Germans good and true. Has he not been seen through the darkness of the night, firing his murderous shots from his cottage, at the inoffensive aircraft. The very thing a villager of Snettisham or Dersingham would do—go out and pot a Zeppelin in the dark, and hit him! But mark these my solemn words: the feats accomplished at the expense of the Zeppelins by the English *franc-tireur* are as nothing to what he will be said to do when the German Army lands. The world will never have witnessed, in all its history, such prodigious feats of treachery as Reventlow has already arranged to be committed by the inhabitants of—say—Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, Chelmsford, and the suburbs of London.

DOWNWRITER

Enemy Notables in the Public Eye

THE AUSTRIAN CROWN PRINCE (left)
Who has returned from a visit to Berlin, reported to have been — from the Austrian viewpoint — a complete failure. The Prince is said to desire a separate Peace, which the Kaiser rejected

THE NEW GERMAN WAR MINISTER, GENERAL VON HOHENBORN
In succession to Von Moltke and Von Falkenheyn, The photograph, showing him smiling was taken before his accession to this new "dignity"



THE KAISER AND HIS BABY-KILLER-IN-CHIEF, COUNT KEPPELIN

VON KLUCK VON KUHL THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN
Leaders of the German Army of the Centre, which was temporarily successful against the French at Soissons after many months of masterly inactivity

Charms in the

MRS. BERNARD NEAME

Née Miss Agnes Strutt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Strutt, of Kingairloch, Aberdeenshire, whose marriage to Capt. Bernard Neame, of the 18th Hussars, took place on January 25

MISS FLORENCE CHAPLIN

Daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and sister of Lady Castlereagh. She has just left England for the Balkan States, where she is going to nurse the wounded in Serbia and Montenegro

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE HON. SYBIL FELLOWES

Youngest daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, who is engaged to be married to Captain Butler, of the 1st Life Guards, eldest son of Lord and Lady Arthur Butler

Midst of Alarms

Photograph */Amy Cassels*

LADY EILEEN ELLIOTT

Eldest daughter of the late Lord Minto. She is to be married this month to Lord Francis Scott, son of the late Duke of Buccleuch

THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA

Whose husband, the Earl of Drogheda, will, it is expected, be given an important post on the staff of the new Viceroy of Ireland

LADY BEATTY

Wife of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, the hero of the recent naval action in the North Sea. He is the youngest Admiral in the British Navy

"La Kommandatur"

A STRIKING BELGIAN WAR PLAY AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

THE Belgian Company at the Criterion Theatre have scored a distinct success with this play, which deals with Brussels under the Prussians, who are unhesitatingly referred to throughout as "*les sales Boches*." The polluting hand of the Hun has not been laid so heavily on Brussels as on other cities in Belgium, but it is clear from this piece that Prussians are not at all what you would call nice people. The play opens with the noise of Prussian soldiers in the street outside singing the everlasting *Deutschland Ueber Alles*, with the gentle idea of annoying their inoffensive neighbours. The chief incident of the story is the behaviour of a sort of Prussian Uriah Heep, whose name in the play is Siegfried Weiler. Before the war, Weiler was a Belgian by naturalisation, and was occupied in business in Brussels with all the guilelessness and innocence of the German abroad. It is instructive, by the way, to note the author's conclusion that naturalised Germans are worse than the others. One of Weiler's good friends in the past was M. Jadot, an elderly functionary at the Belgian War Office; and Weiler's first act after the German occupation of Brussels is to denounce Jadot as a spy. Weiler is as 'umble as his prototype when he comes to announce his deep regret that it should have been found necessary to arrest an old and dear friend on such a terrible charge.

The second act brings us to the prisoners' room in the *Kommandatur* (the German Commandant's headquarters). The prisoners are mostly *camelots* who have been arrested for the offence of selling English newspapers in the streets; for Culture will have nothing to do with the dissemination of the truth. If Pilate were to put in Berlin his famous question to-day, "What is Truth?" the answer would be, I suppose—a German Official Bulletin. M. Jadot is compelled to take his meals and his rest in this unsavoury company, his bed being the cold hard floor. The scene is very realistic, and its studied moderation recommends it as a truthful picture of the German occupation. It says much for the Belgian author (M. Jean François Fonson) that he should be able to take so detached a view of the acts of the oppressors, extenuating nothing and setting down naught in malice.

The most dramatic item of the play is reserved for the close. After M. Jadot has been released by the "Boches," the Heepish Weiler follows him home as cringing and as 'umble as ever. He hopes M. Jabot will believe that he did all in his power to soften the rigour of the old gentleman's imprisonment. As the alleged softening, however, was not apparent, M. Jadot declines to believe anything of the kind. Then Weiler, in his oleaginous way, speaks of his affection for Catherine Jadot (Mlle. Jane Delmar), who bluntly informs him that she is already engaged to a man who is fighting for his country at the front. Weiler plaintively expresses his regret that his reception should be so cold, but as the household is so antagonistic, in spite of the sweetness and light that his presence confers upon it, he comes to the real object of his call. With a fine and distinctively Prussian brutality he flings upon the table a soldier's identification disc, and announces, with a superior smile, that it was taken from Catherine's affianced husband, killed in action at Antwerp. Catherine is for the moment stunned by the shock, but as she opens her eyes and sees this creature Weiler sniggering in triumph at her, she does the only thing that is decently possible. She snatches up a knife and kills him where he stands, and the applauding cheers of the audience are positively frantic.

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MME. JANE DELMAR

The leading lady of the admirable Belgian company at the Criterion Theatre. Mme. Delmar's performance in "La Kommandatur" adds to her reputation as a great artist

Apart from its dramatic story, the play excels in some quite admirable character-sketches. There is, for instance, the not unkindly picture of the German officer with his amusing pidgin-French, who comes to see if the prisoners have any complaints to make. There is also the German private, who, after raving at his prisoners in the best Potsdam manner, finds himself discussing the little ones at home. Asked if he has any children of his own, he replies that he has seven, and then bursts into tears. People who do not approve of large families may think his grief justified. Then there is Suzanne, the flower-girl, who, apologising for having only two roses left of her stock for the day, explains that it is all on account of the funeral procession of a French soldier which passed along the boulevard an hour ago. Flowers were forbidden by the "Boches," as also was the singing of the "Marseillaise." But Suzanne, greatly daring, emptied her basket of flowers on the coffin as it passed, and when she looked up at the crowd she could see by their moving lips that they were singing the "Marseillaise" in silence. *La Kommandatur* is a play of distinction.

JINGLE

In "Business"—As Usual

SOME ENLIVENERS OF LONDON'S GLOOMY EVENINGS

MISS CLARICE
Who made a very charming representative of "Dick Whittington" at the Palladium Theatre

MAYNE
the historic "Dick" in the matinée pantomime which ended a satisfactory run last week

Photograph *Bassano*
MISS MARIE GEORGE
Who is playing the part of Mrs. Pineapple in "A Chinese Honeymoon," which has been revived at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

Photograph *Bassano*
MISS DOROTHY MINTO
Another captivating participant in the successful revival of "A Chinese Honeymoon." She plays the part of Fifi

Photo *Wrather and Buys*

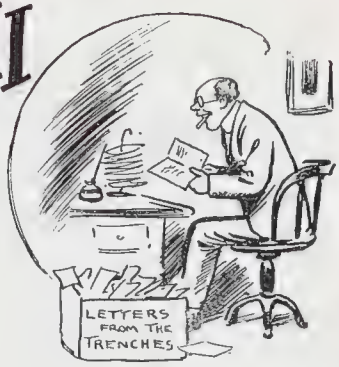
Mud, Blood and Khaki

"Cheeriness" at the front—

SOME TRUTHS FROM THE FRONT.

No. III.

BY AN OFFICER ON LEAVE



—And at the back

This brief series of articles has been written specially for The Bystander *by an officer just returned from the front on sick leave, who has personally inspired the illustrations. He shows the war under a somewhat different aspect from that to which the newspaper "correspondent at the front" has accustomed the public.*

Some Home-Grown Illusions

THERE are one or two illusions regarding "the front"—a wider term than most people imagine, more especially if they be eager students of the halfpenny Press—under which the public lies, and which deserve nothing save destruction. In the first place, as I hinted in a former article, the peasant of Flanders is scarcely the genial hospitable person that some letters from the trenches would have the reader believe, any more than is the jocular spirit often displayed in such letters exactly typical of the feelings of the British Army in the firing line. It is, mark you, easy enough to be funny at a base, but it requires a superhuman sense of humour for a man to keep up a perpetual fire of jokes when he is up to his middle in ice-cold water in a stinking trench within forty yards of the enemy who seeks his destruction by every possible means known to modern warfare. As to the peasant, he is on the average—there are, of course, notable exceptions—not of an intelligence sufficient to enable him to distinguish between the damage done by his friend, for his good, and that which might have been done by an enemy for his harm. To him, one army is as great an evil as another. But I don't suppose in this respect the Flemish peasant differs materially from any other. He is just as resentful at the presence of his own brave army as at that of the Allies or the enemy.

One morning when riding along a country road I was accosted by a couple of peasant women, who, with accompanying floods of tears, railed against the unjust Englishmen who refused to allow them to inhabit their cottages. The said cottages were within four hundred yards of the actual firing line!

Stories "From the Front"

Another illusion under which the public lies regards the correspondence and the pictures "from the front." Both, alas! with the exception of the articles supplied by "Eye-Witnesses," are almost invariably inaccurate. Only the other day, relying on the accuracy of "our own correspondent," I was lamenting to a brother-officer back on leave over the complete destruction of a town which my duties frequently compelled me to visit. "Destroyed be blowed," came the reply to my lament. "They haven't fired a single shell into the place since you left us. What's more, all the shops are open and better stocked than ever." The stories, too, frequently circulated of Gurkhas making sorties carrying their kukris in their mouths, take more swallowing than I am capable of. Anyone who has ever handled a kukri will understand what I mean! As a matter of pure fact, the kukri has proved of comparatively little use in this war, save for the decapitation of goats or the preparation of firewood.

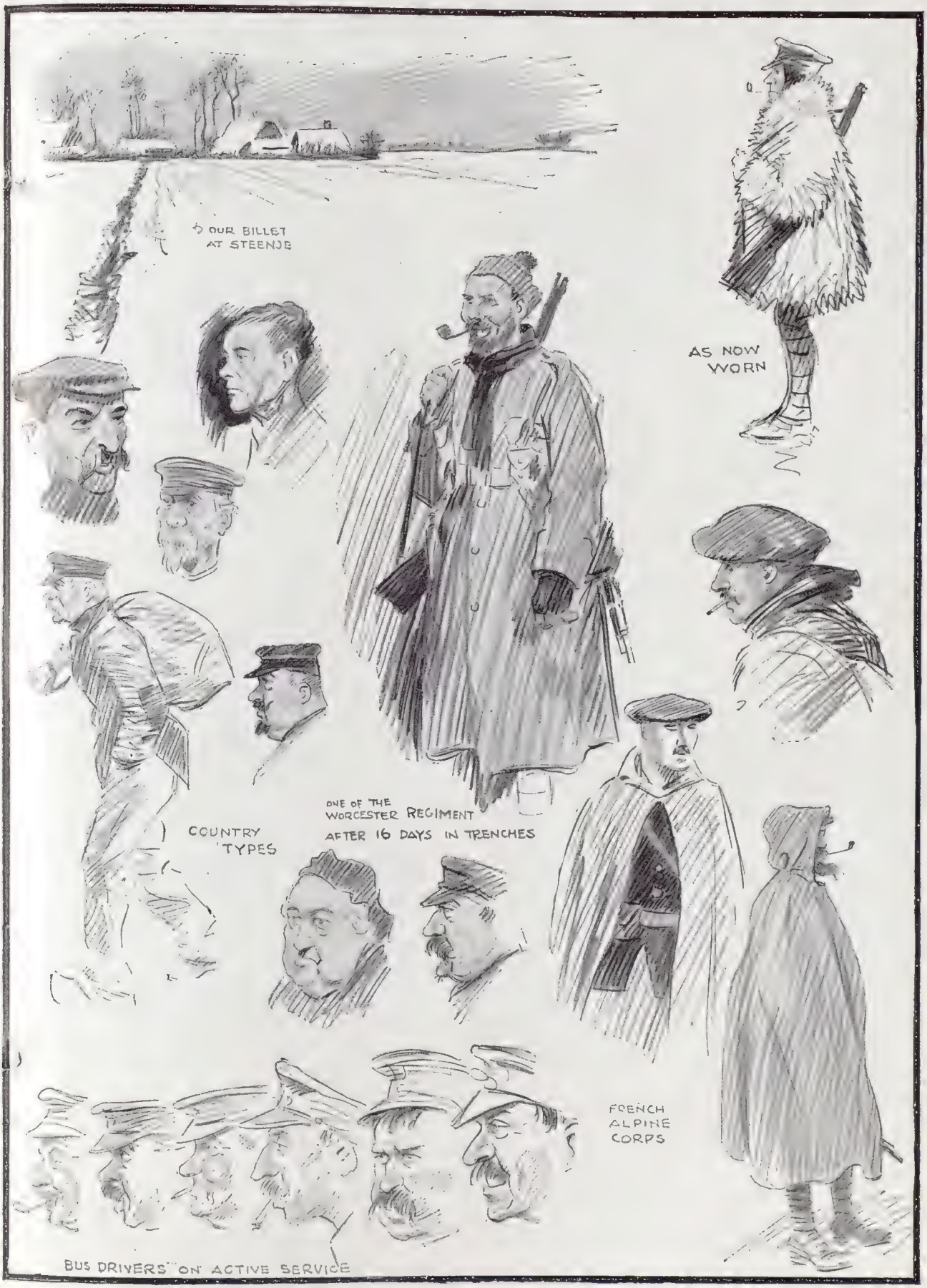
A Straight Tip

Again, the attempt to make the British public believe that the German Army is frequently compelled to subsist on raw turnips is sheer and absolute

"To make the British public believe that the German Army subsists on raw turnips is sheer balderdash"

In France—Somewhere

TYPES AT THE FRONT, COMBATANT AND NON-COMBATANT



These sketches have been sent home to us from the western theatre of the war by Lieutenant R. M. Goodman, who is serving in the corps in which one would expect to find him—the Artists Rifles. He is also an expert Rugby football player, and, before the war, was one of the mainstays of the Richmond Fifteen

MUD, BLOOD, AND KHAKI (concluded)

Things are not as they are Pictured!

balderdash. The enemy is probably just as well nourished as our own Army—witness the appearance of the prisoners—and he has certainly had to suffer no more by work in the trenches than had our own men until quite a short while ago. We are not, and of this I am more than assured, going to give the Germans a thrashing by belittling either their supplies, their courage, or their numbers. Nor would it be paying ourselves a great compliment were we to "crush"—to use a pet expression of the Press—a half-starved, cowardly enemy, numerically no stronger than our own forces! So, earnest student of THE BYSTANDER, let me give you this tip straight from the front—believe nothing of what you read regarding the actual firing line, save that which is doled out to you by the, doubtless, wise powers that be. Even peruse sceptically those letters from the trenches that form so large a part of the literature daily offered you. Private Job is not always to be relied upon to give you an accurate description of the feelings of his comrades at the front, believe me.

"The most absurd pictures are photographs of 'soldiers manning trenches' with their heads and shoulders well above the parapets"

"There are no nurses in the firing-line"

Impossible "Battle Pictures"

Nor would I advise you to place too much reliance upon the pictures with which your eyes are dazzled day by day. Photographically they are admirable, and, to a certain extent, they represent that which is actually occurring. Trenches, after all, must be trenches all the world over; and the same remark applies to soldiers. But you can take my word for it that the "special photographer" who ventured to try and take pictures in the firing line would have gone to swell the Great Soul-list long before he had had time to press his pneumatic bulb. There are no Press photographers in the firing line, no correspondents, no artists—not even nurses, though this latter fact may surprise you.

Nor, again, can there be accurate "battle" pictures, for the very simple reason that "battles," as understanded of the masses, do not take place. This war is really a series of incidents, and it is just as difficult to be a spectator of a "battle" as it is—we are assured—for a wealthy person to enter Paradise. War incidents can, of course, be pictured, and far more reliance can be placed on drawings executed by artists from details supplied by soldiers than on any other pictorial representations of the war.

The most absurd pictures of all are those photographs of "soldiers manning trenches" with their heads and shoulders well above the parapets. Soldiers may be, and often are, extremely ignorant men; but the number of raving lunatics in any of the armies actually in the field is, statistics assure me, comparatively small!

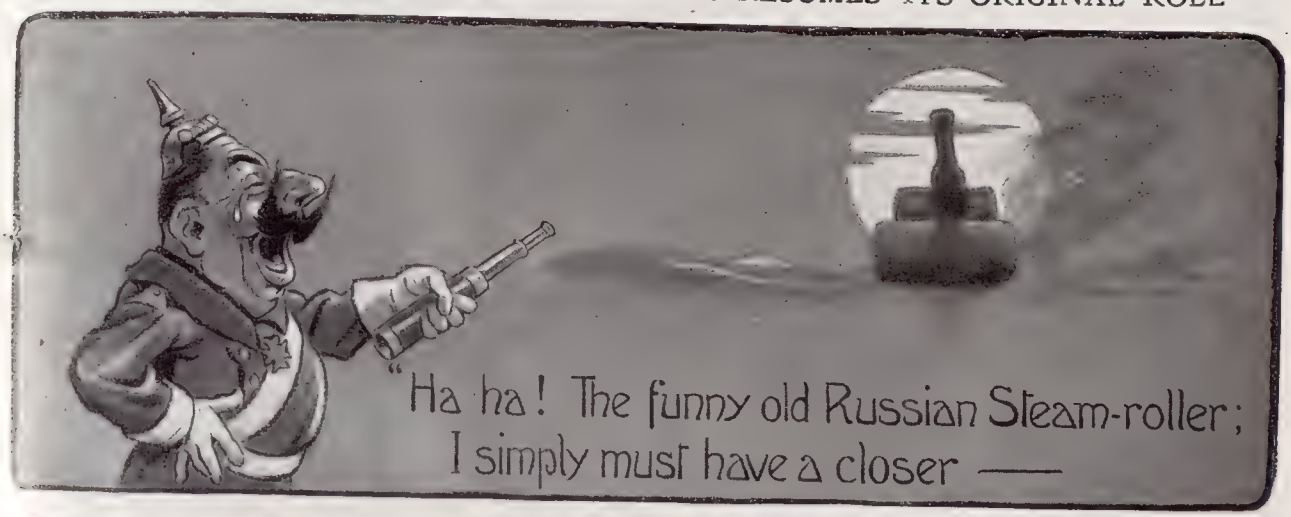
The Military Expert

Too much reliance, also, should not be placed on the views of military experts. They write admirably, no doubt, and are often gentlemen of much experience. But experience of wars past is of precious little value when you come to criticise this war present. The only military experts who could really act as accurate guides in the great struggle are Lord Kitchener and his Generals, and they, for some good reason or another, positively refuse to have anything to do with the Press.

"The 'special photographer' who ventured to take pictures in the firing line would be shot long before he had time to press his pneumatic bulb"

In Prussia—Again

OUR OLD FRIEND THE STEAM-ROLLER RESUMES ITS ORIGINAL RÔLE



N.B.—This drawing was executed for us last September, but owing to unforeseen circumstances was unavoidably held up. We are glad that at last an opportunity has arisen for giving it to the world, the Russian forces having once again succeeded in making an advance into German Territory

How the Germans Really Regard Us

IMPRESSIONS OF A SIX MONTHS SOJOURN IN DRESDEN

BY E. CLAYTON

A Favourite Question

LATELY a resident in Germany, I am often asked the question: "What really is the feeling in the Fatherland towards the English?" Many opportunities of forming an opinion have come in my way, for not many weeks ago I was living—latterly in daily expectation of internment—in the metropolis of Saxony, the agreeably situated, but somewhat prim and almost too respectable City of Dresden, famous as an art-centre, and the *Residenz* of the reigning House of Wettin.

My sojourn extended over three months before the outbreak of hostilities, and lasted for a similar period after war had begun; or from the beginning of May until well into November. Just escaping an enforced "rest-cure" at Ruhleben, Döberitz, or some other equally undesirable haven, I stayed for a few days in Amsterdam, and arrived in England on November 17. So I saw the German as he is in the "piping times of peace"; I watched him during the never-to-be-forgotten days when imminent war was first known to be inevitable; and I observed his demeanour in all the varying phases of the first three months of the war.

Early Excitement

When the *Kriegszustand*, or State of War, was announced, when the Army and Fleet were ordered by the Kaiser to be mobilised, and when declarations of war were succeeding one another like shells falling on a doomed city, streams of excited people filled the streets from morning until late at night, throngs collected around the telegrams posted on the walls, and crowds nearly fought for the "Extra-*Blätter*," or latest news sheets. These at first were distributed by runners thrice daily in all the principal streets of the town. After three or four weeks the "Extra *Blätter*" were sold at ten pfennigs each to sybarites who could be persuaded to buy them.

At the Beginning of Things

During the few anxious days when the attitude of this country was doubtful, "the man in the street" and "the man in the café" reiterated the queries, "What will England do?" and "Will England remain neutral?" On every side, in the street, in vehicles, in public offices, and in the hotels, clubs, and shops, these questions constantly assailed the ear. Then, when it became known that the Islanders had decided to champion feeble Belgium, there was an outbreak of the fiercest anger. Men stopped each other in the road and cursed the *Engländer*. German roughs journeyed to the house of the British Minister, and broke his windows; sullen crowds assembled outside the British Consulate; and on the Alt Markt and the pavements of Prager-Strasse, where one had been accustomed to hear English spoken as often as German, it became in a few hours unsafe for an Anglo-Saxon to converse aloud in his native tongue. Americans were mistaken for the hated English, and until the first indignation had simmered down, were insulted in the street and in shops.

"Down with the English!"

There were many instances of practical inconvenience also. The Rector of the American Church told me that a baker had refused to supply his wife with bread, believing her to be one of our perfidious selves. Some Englishwomen in a tramcar were speaking in their own language, perhaps rather indiscreetly, and were overheard by a German. He stopped the car and insisted upon the conductor forcing them to alight, about two miles short of their destination. A friend, sitting in a café when the news of the English decision arrived, was surrounded by shouts of "Down with the English!". He hid behind a German paper, and at the earliest opportunity "faded away."

"Spies!"

A spy-scare quickly assumed great proportions, and numbers of inoffensive, horrified, and protesting persons of both sexes were accused by officious *gobemouches*, and temporarily arrested. Russians and Russian Poles for some days went in fear for their lives; they especially were suspected of being spies. It was stated that two actual Russian spies had been captured and shot at Hellerau, near Dresden. Other Russians were said to have disguised themselves as market women and to have been discovered prowling about the railway in the endeavour to derail the trains conveying Austrian reservists to the frontier.

Consular Protection

After the Russian Minister had received his passports and departed, clamouring crowds of poor Russians besieged the British Legation, begging for protection; but the British Minister also went, and the British Consul, who, extraordinary to relate, was a German subject, resigned his position on August 4, just when we English had the greatest need of advice and assistance. Here I must remark how abominable it is that persons other than British subjects should be appointed British Consuls abroad. Ultimately all the "alien enemies" of Germany resident in Dresden, including ourselves, were thrown upon the protection of the American Consul-General. He had his hands pretty full, it can be imagined; and a word of acknowledgment is due for his kindness and patience at a difficult period. During these early days the French proprietor of a tutorial institution was mobbed and severely hustled. The more exuberant manifestations against foreigners only ceased after the police issued a strongly worded notice that, "while doubtless actuated by patriotic motives," molestation of non-German residents of Dresden could not be permitted. The bitterness remained, however, and became concentrated almost entirely upon the English residents.

(*Continued on page 158*)

In Germany—Now

THE CAMERA GIVES EVIDENCE OF KINDLINESS OF HEART AND YOUTHFUL WAR ENTHUSIASM

SHUN! NURSE — — — BABIES!!!

In order to show that the German soldier is kind-hearted, detachments of men are now being given "nurse-drill" for the benefit of the photographer. Babies are placed in their arms, and they are fondled and danced to drill time, with truly Prussian thoroughness

ENGLAND-HATING TO ORDER

German bands played "God Punish England" for the benefit of village children on the Kaiser's birthday

GERMANY ALSO HAS HER RECRUITS!

A parade of new levies of tender years before the Ministers in Berlin. German band blaring on right, and all's well!

HOW THE GERMANS REALLY REGARD US (continued)

German friends themselves advised me to refrain from shopping during the week following the beginning of hostilities, and for some days they kindly obtained all necessaries for my family.

Patriotism v. Pocket

A mob threatened to break the windows of the office of an English journal with which I was connected, and the board outside, surmounted by the Union Jack, had to be removed. On the night of August 3 I was sitting in a cinema-theatre, watching the pictures for the purpose of writing an account, when some lady friends came in especially to tell me that it was rumoured that England had declared war, and that the hall-porter had been rude to them because they were known to be British subjects. A few evenings later, on entering the same theatre, I had to listen to some very uncomplimentary remarks about my fellow-countrymen. I mollified the man, and got in. The same solemnity ensued upon each after-visit paid by me. This porter was not at all a bad fellow, but evidently regarded England's attitude as an insult personal to himself. On the day after the news became generally known, our matutinal milk was not reposing in its customary place outside the door. When I called at the dairy to ask the reason, I was informed that the patriotic feelings of the "milkman"—a boy of fifteen—had impelled him flatly to refuse to leave milk for the *Engländer*. Later, however, he pocketed his scruples. During the same day a barber hesitated to shave me: he first discussed the matter with his master, and eventually allowed business to stand in front of his duty to the Fatherland. He shaved me very well, and on my rewarding him with a ten-pfennig piece, we parted like brothers. In the same week, the printer of the English journal mentioned above at first refused to print it, fearing that his premises would be mobbed; but later he changed his mind, and nothing happened.

Women More Bitter than Men

At a kind of miniature Whiteley's, where I had been in the habit of buying coffee, flour, and other commodities, the girls at the provision-counters, previously very affable to the lonely foreigner, became almost severe in manner. I am a "sensitive plant," and this treatment so froze my blood that soon I ceased to visit those stores. Two other instances occurred of blighting coldness in manner on the part of German women to my miserable self—though certainly I wasn't responsible for the war! In short, the German women in shops and the like were inclined at first to take things more seriously than the German men. Subsequently, when there had been time to think over the situation, I believe that the majority of the more reasonable Germans of both sexes saw the folly of overt acts of individual displeasure.

[*To be concluded next week*]

DISPLACED BY THE WAR

Some Former Regular Visitors to whom the Editor is now "not at home"

In Hungary—The Man

WILL HE MAKE PEACE FOR THE DUAL MONARCHY?

COUNT TISZA, PREMIER OF HUNGARY

Tisza occupies a puzzling position. He is regarded by the Hungarians as the tool of Austria, and by the Austrians as the "enfant terrible" of the Hungarians. He is at present supposed to be endeavouring to secure, for the Dual Monarchy, terms of peace. But Germany is in the way. He is no enemy of England; like most of his countrymen, he regrets that the two nations should have been dragged by Germany into war. It is expected that he will soon himself take the place of Baron Burian as Foreign Secretary of the Dual Monarchy, in which case we shall have to speak of Hungary-Austria instead of Austria-Hungary. As the chief difficulty of the Dual Monarchy is the food supply, the punsters are likely to see a glorious opportunity

Two New Novels

THAT HAVE NO REFERENCE TO THE WAR

Two Mutinous Tales

Mr. Jack London is a virile American writer with a dozen good tales to his credit. His heroes are generally of the strenuous type, and they generally enjoy a multitude of stirring adventures before obtaining the girl of their choice. *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* (Mills and Boon : 6*s.*), his latest novel, is, as its title suggests, the story of a mutiny on board a modern American sailing-ship which is carrying one male passenger, a captain's daughter, and a cargo of coal. One is apt to forget that mutinies may still take place on the high seas, and, indeed, Mr. London seems to have felt that a ship's crew must be fairly bad before it will mutiny. As a result he has filled the unfortunate *Elsinore* with about the most appalling collection of human horrors that could possibly have been brought together. True, the captain is a fine man, but the captain dies. True, the first mate, in spite of his seventy years, is a splendid sailor, but, unfortunately, he has sworn to kill the man who is serving under him as second mate, and the two of them mysteriously disappear at the same time. Quite a number of the crew get killed before the actual mutiny starts, and you cannot help wondering how there can be any survivors on the last page. It is a most bloodthirsty book.

On the Seas—

But it is also a most exciting book. The successful dramatist who has taken his passage on the *Elsinore* in order to "get away from things," ends up by commanding the ship—or, rather, the half of it, for the mutinous crew rule half—and enjoys writing-up his diary even while the bullets are flying. The little war goes on, as other wars are now known to do, under any rules except those laid down by the Hague Convention. A modern mutiny is a nasty business, and the story of the *Elsinore's* voyage round Cape Horn would make rather dreary reading were it not for Mr. London's amazing power of description. You really get to know every one of the rapscallions on board, and the various storms are described so vividly as to prevent your skipping a single paragraph. Exactly how a mutiny should be engineered in these days, and how it should be suppressed by an ex-dramatist who has really fallen in love, are questions not here to be answered. *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* is unpleasant in parts, and violent and rather cold-blooded—but it should be read. One wonders, however, just what Conrad would have made of it.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL PHOTOGRAPH
Of Mr. Jack London (with his wife), whose new book, "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," is reviewed on this page

—And on Land

The new novel which we have come to expect every January from Mr. Gilbert Cannan is also about a mutiny—of another kind. *Young Earnest* (Secker : 6*s.*) is rather a depressing piece of work. It is advertised on the title-page as being the romance of a bad start in life, and knowing what Mr. Cannan has done, you can almost guess what is going to happen to his René Fourmy, who was born in Thrigsby, and is "nearly a gentleman." He is incurably romantic (rather like Mr. Cannan himself), and, therefore, he is bound to marry the wrong woman. That she has seven hundred a year of her own does not, of course, prevent him from leaving her at the psychological moment. René simply cannot stand his wife any longer, and so, like the crew of the *Elsinor*, he mutinies, and comes to London.

The Mutiny that was Not Suppressed

In his case, however, the mutiny is never suppressed : it even becomes worse. In London René romantically steps inside a mews, and stays there some time with a young woman who has no thoughts at all of being a lady. The little household that ensues allows Mr. Cannan to bring forth a number of interesting folk, but you are irritated all the time at his hero, even when he becomes a taxi-cab driver, which must be a delightful occupation for any mutineer to take up. The home in the mews is not going to be permanent, and you cannot get away from the fact that in his youth René was madly in love with a third young person who never had any intention of being anything but a lady. Of course, these two people must meet again, and meet they do, just when an aunt of René's has most romantically left him her money. In the last few pages you hear of a third little household, which is, apparently, going to be happy ever afterwards. But this is surely doubtful. René will always be a mutineer. There is rather too much "talk" in some of the chapters, but René's family and friends are admirably sketched in ; and the absurd things he does are jollily described, but *Young Earnest* is not Mr. Cannan's best book.

R. S.

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Huns and the Cynic

PREPOSTEROUS THEORY AS TO OUR FUTURE RELATIONS WITH GERMANY

THERE are cynics at large who are saying that, when this war is well over, there will be a grand reconciliation between the British and German races: there are others who go even farther, and prophesy, some years hence, a cordial reception in London for the Imperial Butcher himself.

These cynics meet, of course, with a hot reception. What? they are asked. Forget Louvain, Dinant, Termonde, Rheims? Forget the atrocities, the devilries, the treacheries, the blasphemies, the insults? Anyone who foresees such a thing to be possible insults his fellow-countrymen.

"No," replies the Cynic, one of whom paid us a visit the other day. "He *understands* them. The English, as a nation, have the sweetest tempers and the shortest memories in the world. It has been one of the chief causes of our world-empire that we have been so ready to forgive and to forget; to 'square up' with the beaten foe; to try, when all is over, to realise his point of view. Did we not cheer the Boer Generals a year or two after the war, men whom we had abused no less violently than we now abuse William and his butchers? Did we not become allied with France a few years after Fashoda? Are not the Belgians, now our *protégés*, the very people whom our agitators were, but a few years ago, accusing of atrocities in the Congo no whit less repulsive than those of which the Germans are now accused in Belgium?"

"Is it seriously supposed," asks the Cynic, "when once peace is signed, that two nations who have never before, in the course of history, shed each other's blood, or, until William II. came to the throne, even had a serious quarrel, are going to spend the rest of the century accusing each other of all the loathsome crimes in the calendar?"

"They cannot accuse us," replies THE BYSTANDER spiritedly, "of such things as this!"

And we produce the file of our paper and show photographs—records of actualities—of the ruins of the Belgian and French cities, cathedrals, art palaces, etc.

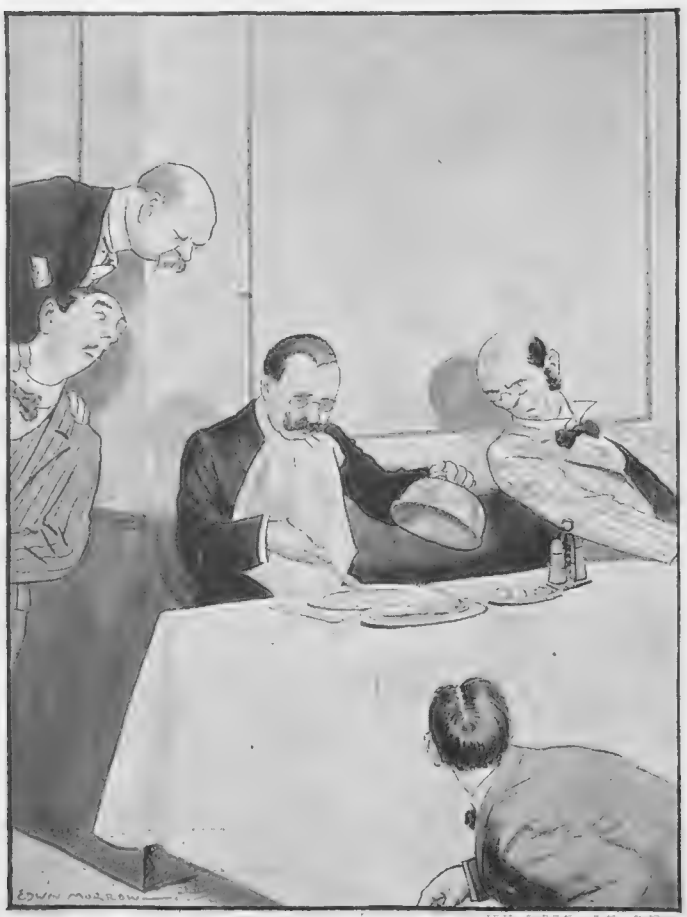
"The blood and ruin of Belgium is none of our doing. And yet you say we shall again be friends with these people."

The Cynic, however, knows where we keep the *old* files of our journal. Calmly, he takes down a volume of these, and leisurely turns its pages. At last he comes to some pages of photographs, also showing ruined churches, burned homes, mutilated works of art. We recognise them, and ask what it is he seeks to prove.

"Only the shortness of your memory and the sweetness of your temper," he says. "You have already forgotten these—and they were committed not in Belgium, but in England, not by foreigners, but by your own fellow-countrywomen, the late Militant Suffragettes, with whom you are now on the friendliest terms. Probably you are at this very moment on your way to take tea at one of their clubs. Since you have forgiven and forgotten the work of the 'Wild Women' are not you likely, in due course, to forgive and forget that of the Wild Huns? Both have done what they have done in defence of what they have considered to be their cause. The women wanted the vote; the Germans world-power. Each committed barbarities in order to gain it, though the Germans have committed theirs on a bigger scale. Yet the offence is the same."

We kicked the Cynic out of the office, and told ourselves three times in succession, as we paced the room, that we were perfectly sure he was entirely wrong. . . .

The Pigeon-post (mortem) Peril



Excitement in a London restaurant when the foreign-looking gentleman ordered pigeon pie

A Special Paper for "Tommy"

In response to many appeals from the Oversea Troops for news from home, a first-class illustrated monthly magazine with a miniature newspaper, entitled *Khaki*, is being issued this month. Unlike most journalistic ventures *Khaki* is not going to be a profit-making commercial enterprise; its whole object is to provide the soldiers of the King in France, and elsewhere with news from home.

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WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

A Few Press Fallacies

A STRAIGHT TALK TO EDITORS FROM A READER

Fallacy No. 1

THE Fallacy that the reader regards as "representative American opinion" the carefully selected extracts from leading New York dailies which "our own correspondent" cables Censor-free across the Atlantic. Those of us who have visited America since the war broke out, and those of us who know anything about American institutions and American psychology, are not deceived. Dr. Dernburg may hope that we are — for it is part of his game to keep England in the dark about the genuine progress of his propaganda on the other side, and then, when our eyes are open, to profit by the anger which follows a successful *coup* at leg-pulling. The "indignation" and anti-German leaders, penned in New York and potted in London, are undoubtedly sincere, and undoubtedly express the views of many clear-sighted and sympathetic friends on the other side. But they do not voice the inner thoughts of the American masses, nor, necessarily, of the men who vote Presidents in and out of office. What the New York leader-writer says in New York and London is not always what the saloon-keeper, the log manager, the insurance broker, and the man who "trots out" his best girl on the Long Island railway, are saying. Dr. Dernburg is well aware of that fact.

Fallacy No. 2

The Fallacy of supposing that the opinion expressed in London dailies reflects the considered judgment of this country at large. I have been staying recently on the North East coast—right in the bombarded area if you must know—and it happens that the London papers (not the London papers printed in Manchester) do not arrive until long after the breakfast dishes have been washed up. Is there a rush among the thinking citizens of this county, said to be the largest in England, to read the views of Fleet Street? There is none at all. The mind of the Yorkshireman, on the event of the moment, if it has not already taken shape, has been consolidated quite nicely by the opinion of the *Yorkshire Post*. The London leader-writer may feel aggrieved. The fault is his. He should not spend so many hours in the atmosphere of the capital, its clubs, its squares, and its tubes. Manchester, Leeds, and Newcastle have very definite views on questions of the hour, even on war questions, which are more broad-minded, certainly less conventional, than the Londoner's. Therefore, my dear London leader-writer, do not imagine you are necessarily articulating public opinion north of Bletchley.

Fallacy No. 3

The Fallacy that the Continental gossip and rumours shot across from Holland and other neutral countries are "swallowed." By many they are not even tasted; the mere label "Sluis" is enough. It has not taken many weeks for some of us to suspect that much of this news is coloured according to its destination. What is sauce for the Allied goose is not sauce for the German gander. Therefore, the same neutral agency in Holland may conceivably send one message to London and another to Berlin—and neither could be dubbed untrue in the newspaper sense. That is one drawback of the buffer State; she is a clearing-house for favourable reports.

Fallacy No. 4

The Fallacy that the public wants its Bit of Heroism with every item of news. This war has shown, among other things, that bravery is not the monopoly of the armies and navies of any one belligerent. That quality which the papers call courage the soldier and sailor call "work." The brave commander is merely the working commander; the soldier who is steady under fire is the hatter walking "up:stairs" to fetch a better fit. When the captain of such and such went down with his ship, the public said, with Bernard Shaw, "So did the ship's cat." I do not mean that we do not thrill with pride and pleasure at feats of great daring. I mean that the assumption of unctuous rectitude by newspapers when panics do not follow bombardments is merely—well, it does not become them. EAST COAST RESIDENT

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CLOSE TO LEITH HILL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF THE COUNTY.

A **PERFECT SMALL SIXTEENTH CENTURY** HOUSE, containing beautiful old oak panelling and beams: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage, stabling for 3; farmery; cottage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 31 acres. For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

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TO LET FURNISHED
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Electric light; heating by radiators; main water; stabling for 4, garage, cottage.
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2 cottages, large motor garage; excellent buildings; golf.

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ONLY 20 MILES FROM LONDON, 'midst lovely country.—A charming old XVITH CENTURY MANOR HOUSE: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, bath, 12 bedrooms; ELECTRIC LIGHT; garage, stabling; 2 cottages; model farmery; beautiful old pleasure grounds, and

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Gravel soil. Hunting. Shooting. Golf.

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Price just reduced from £5,000 to £3,000.

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Cost £12,000, £14,000 recently offered and refused.

PRICE FOR QUICK SALE £3,250.

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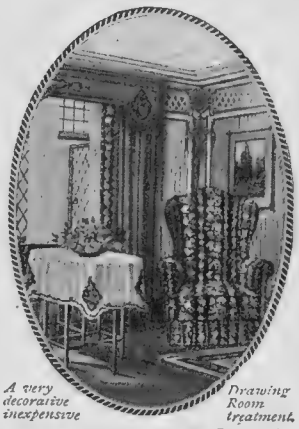

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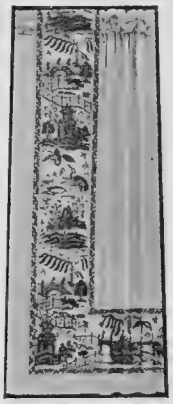

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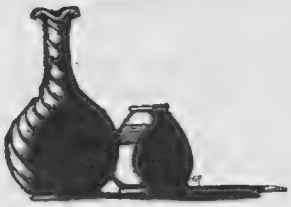

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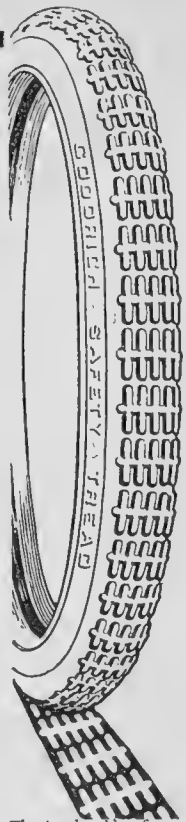

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What are you doing for us?

We can't fight—we're not asked to!

But we suffer in helping our brave soldiers to victory.

THE R.S.P.C.A. FUND was founded with the approval of the Army Council to aid the Army Veterinary Corps in their humane and economic work for the

HORSES OF THE BRITISH ARMY

and it is doing much to help. But it can only continue its work if it has the generous support of the public.

What is the R.S.P.C.A. Fund for Sick & Wounded Horses doing?

It is supplying motor lorries, horse ambulances, corn crushers and chaff cutters driven by petrol engines, rugs, halters, bandages, and other veterinary requisites, and it is providing a Veterinary Hospital to accommodate **1,000** horses. The R.S.P.C.A. has in addition trained and sent to the British Army Veterinary Corps, for enlistment, nearly **200** men, including many of the Society's own Inspectors, and is giving special lectures on the care and treatment of horses to N.C.O.'s and other soldiers. The R.S.P.C.A. has also helped the British Army horse at home by supplying ambulances, rugs, humane killers, veterinary stores and medicaments to regiments all over the country.

Many letters of thanks from officers at the Front and at home have been received showing the work of THE R.S.P.C.A. FUND FOR SICK AND WOUNDED HORSES to be absolutely essential. It needs generous support.

WILL YOU HELP IT "TO CARRY ON"?

Then send your contribution (*crossed Coutts & Co.*) to
E. G. FAIRHOLME, *Hon. Sec. of the Fund,*
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Safe and healthy wear in treacherous weather

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Shirts & Pyjamas

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saves ½ your cocoa because it is double strength

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NOT AT THE FRONT

Our photograph at first sight seems to picture the result of enemy fire on motor vehicles at the front, where such scenes of wrecked cars are everywhere met with. The scene here depicted, however, is of the tragic smash on the Salisbury Road, where a collision between a private car and a Canadian Military car resulted in the death of Bugler Dean, of the Nova Scotia Highlanders

Motoring and a Menace

BY ALEX. I. M. GRAY

An Empty "Raid"

THE "success" of the Zeppelin raid is supposed to have altered our conception of the utility of these very inflated products of a soaring war fever. The expert (some of it) points out that here is proof positive of the horrible potentialities of the dirigible. I agree—if "horrible" or its equivalent be deleted. Substitute "limited" and we shall have it as pat as may be. The "success" consisted in the fact that a Zeppelin (if it was a Zeppelin) crossed in the dark from behind the lines to England, dumped a few bombs upon some East County hamlets, following precedent strictly, if unintentionally, by killing the weakest, most defenceless, and inoffensive members of the community, and safely returned to cheer up a Fatherland rather sadly in need of a tonic. It proved that, given the opportunity and the favourable conditions, a Zeppelin can cross and return, a fact which nobody ever questioned. It proved that Zeppelins can drop bombs which can do a deal of damage if they hit anything and explode. This also we knew. It proved, further, that all the bombs a Zeppelin can carry and drop would do far less damage than one field or naval gun well served. And it proved finally that a Zeppelin is not yet prepared to risk an encounter with a few aeroplanes.

***

Zeppelin Limitations

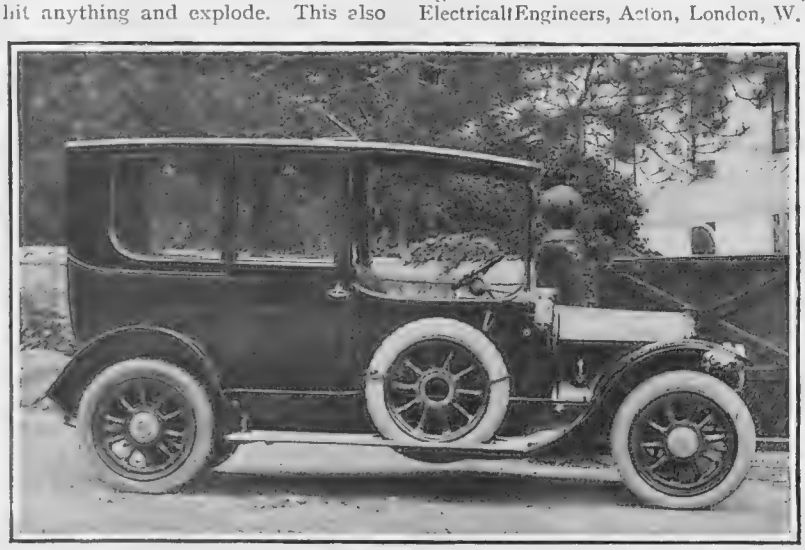
Flight-Commander Hewlett's experience, if reported fairly, seems to show that an aeroplane can run or fly alongside a Zeppelin without the occupants of the latter being able to do him great damage. The damage the gun-man in the aeroplane could do the Zeppelin is obviously quite as much as the Zeppelin crew could do with on this side of the Styx. Therefore, I have no reason to revise my view of the comparative impotence of the Zeppelin, and cannot agree that its menace has been in any way multiplied by its Eastern Counties visit. I cannot very well hope that its alleged success (meaning by success its luck in getting across and back again without meeting anything hostile—was ever success less of an achievement!) will stimulate the Germans to risk a Zeppelin invasion *en masse*; but if they do I think they may quite likely get a most horrible shock—unless, of course, their devilish luck holds. We shall see. Meanwhile, it seems likely that a Zeppelin invasion may not have London for its objective, but Newcastle, Sheffield, or Manchester; but with Woolwich Arsenal inside the gate of London the German air fleet has a double lure, and will only be diverted to the places of lesser importance by the chance that these may not be so well guarded. All of which is speculative—and may for ever remain speculative. I hope so

***

Signs of Progress

To duplicate an already extensive tyre-making plant in war-time means either great commercial pluck or great public demand. In the case of the North British Rubber Company, who make the Clincher tyres, it is doubtless both. The Company would hardly be doubling their plant to meet what must be transient Governmental war requirements. They are, in fact, doubling it because, for the past few years, their plant has been working night and day to satisfy the clamouring market; and the North British Rubber Company's present tyre factory is no small section of what is claimed to be the largest rubber factory in the British Empire. This extension is, therefore, the best evidence of public recognition of qualitative tyre value and a cheerful sign of one far-sighted firm's faith in the possibilities of the future.

C.A.V. Lamp Bulbs for Car Lighting. Best light at lowest cost, and no trouble. Strong, efficient, reliable. Best for all Car Lighting purposes. Write for Catalogue. — C. A. Vandervell & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.



A SPLENDID AUSTIN

A very fine limousine called the "Whiteball" on a 20 h.p. Austin chassis. A combination in which great reliability, power and mechanical service combines with refined luxury. The owner already possesses two other Austin cars

Hobson Plugs (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. Hobson, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

THE PRICE OF

THE FAMOUS

12 H.P. ROVER

REMAINS AT

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Including as Standard for 1915—

DOMED WINGS,

ACCELERATOR IN WATER CIRCULATION,

IMPROVED RADIATOR, Etc.

THE ROVER COMPANY, Ltd.,

Meteor Works, COVENTRY,

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BEDFORD CARS BUICK

(Buick Chassis — Bedford Coachwork.)

The Bedford-Buick has power, durability, and appearance. It is extremely comfortable, easy to drive, and very economical. No matter how satisfied you are with your present car, motoring will have an added charm when you drive a Bedford-Buick.

BEDFORD-BUICK MODELS:

15-18 h.p. Empress Victoria, 2-seater, £285
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BUICK MODELS:

15-18 h.p. 2-seater - - - £235
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Complete equipment, including DELCO Self-starting and Lighting, and Michelin Tyres.

GENERAL MOTORS (EUROPE), LTD.,
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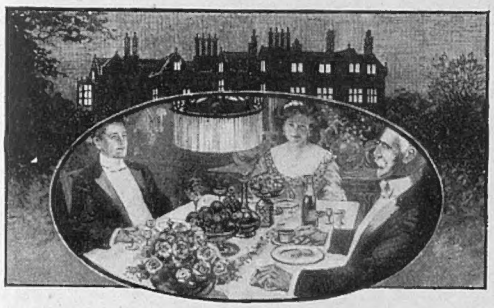
Telephone—Gerrard 9626 (3 lines). Telegrams—'Buickgen, London.'

(9)

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING



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Spensers' famous "Silverlite" Model fitted with their "Duplex" Carburettor gives wonderful results.

A 40-light installation for a running cost of 1/- per week!

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners with Automatic Lighting Switch render the system perfect.

SPENSERS, The Pioneers of Petrol Gas Lighting,

have fitted up several thousand installations, and in addition have adapted over 100 plants of other makes to their system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent. per annum.

Foreign Agents { MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., 352, Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
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Write now for booklet and particulars.

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SPRING in SUNSHINE

MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

IDEAL CLIMATE

Luxurious Casino. International Sporting Club. High-class Concerts under the leadership of Messrs. Jehin and Ganne. Various entertainments and attractions. Opera season in March with Signor

CARUSO.

Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment with Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute, Massage, Hot and Cold Baths.

GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes with Club House and Restaurant on the course, one of the most sporting in Europe.

Tennis Courts at Monte Carlo.

Motor Excursions to Alpine sites and numerous picturesque resorts along the French and Italian Riviera.

Modes of the Near Future

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Evolution of the Blouse

THE more intimate one grows with the modes of the near future the more entrancing do they appear. Many, as a matter of fact, are with us, and the blouse, in particular, claims close and immediate attention. With the simpler styles, after the mode of the model so admirably portrayed in the adjoining sketch, the onus of success rests on line, and clever varied collar effects; the latter, let me add quickly, depending upon its upright position, on cut, and adroit manipulation. It was clearly recognised that the revival of the high collar would not stand a ghost of a chance if it were permitted to rest its existence on a serried line of torturing supports. Not that these will be entirely eliminated, as there are certain soft materials that no amount of coaxing would induce to remain upright. Thus there will be employed with the utmost discretion the finest and most malleable of supports, probably merely the finest of round wire.

Modelling and Manipulation

But in such a case as the blouse illustrated—the material selected being obviously of steady character—modelling and manipulation are entirely responsible for the charming effect brought about. In heavy white *crêpe de Chine*, washing satin, or Luvisca, this blouse would work out admirably. And in the first-named fabric there is a very delicate biscuit, or, as some call it, dirty white, that is essentially of the moment. It looks well with everything, is infinitely more becoming than white, and naturally does not soil so quickly. A close scrutiny of the picture reveals how the deep-cut sleeves are set on with a piping, the line taken leaving very narrow points at the top, a method doubtless adopted in connection with the collar. The buttons and mock buttonholes are of the same material as the blouse, rather a graceful little touch occurring at the bottom of the sleeves, where these buttons and loops draw the fulness to the wrist, preparatory to its blossoming forth into a *volant* over the hands.

A CLEVER EXPRESSION OF THE SIMPLER STYLE OF BLOUSE

In heavy white crêpe-de-Chine, washing satin or Luvisca, specially designed for "The Bystander" and fully described on this page

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Another Desirable Model

Another style of blouse that the eyes should be kept open for is arranged with an extremely deep yoke cut in one with the sleeves. The yoke takes a curved line, and is usually put on with an open work stitch, a high-up and down collar finishing either side of the fronts, which are thrown open with soft *plissé* full revers, while the collar is drawn to the throat by a black *tulle* cravat.

"Liveliness" on the Côte d'Azur

Weather remarkably fine and warm has lately induced many visitors from England to avail themselves of the rapid services of trains to the Riviera organised specially by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. Though certain hotels owned, leased, or managed by subjects of enemy countries have been taken over by the local authorities, the rest are open for the English visitors, who, with the variety of outdoor and indoor amusements offered them at Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, will find life on the Riviera just as attractive as in years gone by. At Monte Carlo, in addition to the popular concerts under the direction of the Maëstro Louis Ganne and the usual classical music under the leadership of M. Jehin, assisted by the members of the famous Monte Carlo orchestra, a special series of concerts will be given, in which artistes from the leading opera houses of Brussels, Paris, New York, and Covent Garden will appear. The takings at these concerts will be entirely devoted to the funds being raised for charitable purposes.

Feminine Moustaches—How to Permanently Remove.

To those interested, the above headline will no doubt be a reminder of many shillings — sometimes pounds — thrown away on various depilatories, all claiming to have the power of destroying the roots of superfluous hair. In the majority of cases, chemical depilatories leave behind them a stronger and more vigorous growth of hair, to say nothing of a skin coarsened or thickened by their continued use. To probe further into the subject, it would be as well to explain that chemical depilatories merely burn off the hair at the point of contact with the skin, and consequently the growth immediately becomes apparent because the hair never ceases growing while the root remains. The more one burns it off, the stronger it becomes. Now then, it is quite obvious that in order to check the growth, the *root* must be *removed* at once. This removal may be accomplished at home in a few moments, in a very simple manner. Get about 12 grammes of phelactine from your chemist and melt it in the flame of a candle until quite soft, then apply to the offending hair, which, in a few moments, may be removed, with the *roots attached*. No possible injury can be done to the skin, as phelactine contains no chemicals whatever.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES

A reliable antiseptic remedy for throat complaints

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers:—
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

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BOOTMAKERS · ESTABLISHED · 1871

Regulation Field & Service Boots, Leggings, Spurs, etc.

52, South Molton Street, London, W.
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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

By Appointment

Man, it's Nestlé's!

'THE RICHEST IN CREAM'

In the Trenches, 3rd Jan., 1915. *1st Scots Guards.*

"In a present received from home our Company got a tin of Nestlé's Milk, and *it was indeed a luxury*. We have always been issued excellent tea, but Nestlé's Milk simply put the finishing touch—*it was fine*. When people at home send us gifts, tell them to *include some Nestlé's Milk*."

So if you want to save our Soldiers

from 'Milkless Tea' send them some tins of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Or by ordering through your grocer you can send an original strong case, carriage free, to any unit in the British Expeditionary Force on payment only of cost of 48 large tins or 96 half-tins, as you may prefer. If any difficulty, please address: NESTLÉ'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

The **FRENCH** Natural Mineral Water

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents: **INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,**
Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.
And at Liverpool & Bristol.

On an Errand of Mercy from the Far East

A JAPANESE RED CROSS CONTINGENT FOR NETLEY

Early last week there arrived in London, en route for Netley Hospital, where they will assist in the care of the wounded, a party consisting of two Japanese doctors and twenty nurses. Our illustration shows some of them on a tour of inspection at an English hospital

The Menu: Hors-d'Œuvres and Savouries

Anchovy Eggs
Fish Savoury
Sardines Maître d'Hôtel
Tongue or Ham Toast
Devilled Almonds
Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes
Hors-d'Œuvres à l'Imperiale

Anchovy Eggs

Boil four eggs hard. When cold remove the shells and cut a thin piece off each end of the eggs so that they will stand erect either way up. Cut them in halves, remove the yolks, and they will form eight little cups. Place the yolks in a basin with some fillets of anchovy, and pound to a paste, adding a little cayenne and a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Fill up the white cups with this mixture, and sprinkle some finely minced parsley on the top. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Fish Savoury

Chop finely the remains of a sole or any white fish, and mix it with 1 oz. of butter, a pinch of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce. Let this mixture simmer gently for a few minutes, then spread it on rounds of hot buttered toast, sprinkle over it a few picked shrimps, and garnish with small slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Sardines Maître d'Hôtel

Chop a dessertspoonful of parsley, one very small slice of onion, also finely chopped, one tablespoonful of vinegar (chilli in preference). Stir these into half a cupful of melted butter, arrange some sardines on toast, and put the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon-juice and a little cayenne pepper just at the last.

Tongue or Ham Toast

Chop ¼lb. of cooked ham or tongue very small. Beat two eggs well, and stir in a little pepper. Put the mixture into a small stewpan, and stir over the fire till a soft mass. Pile on squares of hot buttered toast

Devilled Almonds

Blanch ½ lb. of almonds, throw them into cold water, and then dry thoroughly in a cloth. Put the almonds into a frying-pan, in which 2 oz. of butter are frizzling. Fry until a golden brown, drain on a sieve in front of the fire, sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and serve very hot.

Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes

Mince finely two small tomatoes with two slices of Spanish onion, add a large piece of butter, and season with salt and pepper ; stir in a stewpan on the fire till the onion is thoroughly cooked, but not coloured, then add four beaten eggs and keep on stirring till the eggs are nearly set. Serve on toast.

Hors-d'Œuvres à l'Imperiale

Season some fillets of anchovies with oil and lemon-juice and lay them crossways on small croûtes of fried bread, fill the spaces between with some chopped white and yolk of hard-boiled egg and a few olives and chillies.

EMILIA